STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 104, NO. 24 NEW YORK, MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1941 NUMBER 1385

Action Now!

THE ONLY THING that stands between Hitler and world domination is the productive power and the moral energy of the United States. Our efforts are improving, but far too slowly. Too many Americans do not seem to realize that the time factor is all-important. Unless we act quickly—quickly enough to prevent defeat of England—our attempt will fail and we ourselves shall be in such deadly jeopardy that no competent expert would say we have a 50-50 chance of survival.

For much of the confusion, the inertia, the uncertainty, we are sorry to say that the President himself must bear a portion of the blame. We recognize, as we have always done, his magnificent personal qualities, the power he exerts throughout the world as the chief spokesman for liberty and justice and the good life. In this crisis, however, he is influenced too greatly, in our opinion, by the fact that many people in this country are still unaware of the danger and will resent action on the scale that is necessary. Believing that the hour is one of desperate crisis, we implore the President to act and act at once. We suggest he begin with the following program:

1. Use the American navy to the utmost possible extent in delivering more goods to Great Britain. If this means shooting, then shoot.

2. In so far as ships are available, send every particle of American army equipment that could be useful, beyond the bare necessities that must be kept here for self-defense, to the British forces in Syria.

3. Get rid of the confusion and lack of responsibility in the administration of defense. Reorganize the OPM on an industrial basis, with full representation of the interests of labor and consumers. Place above these industrial groups a coördinating body which in effect will be an Economic General Staff. Insist that the members of this staff shall not be the restrictionist representatives of monopoly, but men who believe in full expansion and planning ahead to meet future requirements. Give to this General Staff the full powers of procurement which the army and navy are unable to perform effectively. Give it also the closest possible liaison with the White House so that its members are at all times able to translate the President's broad objectives into instructions so clear and immediate that industry cannot equivocate. Give this board, further, power to compel subcontracting so that our total industrial resources may be used.

4. Take immediate action for complete price control, including retail prices, and to pass a genuine excess-profits tax. Unless price increases through war profiteering are stopped, there can be no industrial peace based on the coöperation rather than the forced consent of labor.

5. Ensure adequate recognition of the importance of air power in our defense preparation. If this entails a separate air force, equal in importance with the army and navy, in order to make certain that our effort is not inhibited by inertia and conservatism, such a separate air force should at once be created.

6. Insist that at all times, when there is an alternative

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1941, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

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between plant expansion and the curtailment of civilian supplies, that plant expansion be adopted. Apply the same principle to shipbuilding by forcing the strangely reluctant Maritime Commission to adopt new and simplified types of ships even though these might prove useless under normal post-war competitive conditions.

7. Give the State Department back to the people. Force the resignation of those members of the Visa Department and those persons higher up who are still plotting appeasement in Europe and the Far East. Carry out the much needed clearing away of dead wood among army and navy officers who have not responded to this crisis.

8. Set up one centralized and simple agency, with complete power to deal with the labor question. Among its tasks will be to settle industrial disputes between employer and employee, to train and mobilize workers, so that the proper proportion of skilled and unskilled men is available at the places and the times when they are needed, as well as to make sure that proper provision is made for their housing, food, recreation and every other necessary element in labor morale.

9. Break relations at once with all the Axis powers. Seize their property in this country. Force American firms to stop doing the totalitarians' dirty work in the United States, South America, or anywhere else. Send home the whole miserable crew of diplomats, spies and saboteurs—if any distinction is possible among these three categories.

10. Not only stop the totalitarian flood of propaganda in this country, by informing the public where it originates and who pays for it, but counter it, at home and abroad, with clear and powerful statements as to what democracy is and does.

The New Republic puts forward this program in a tentative spirit. There are doubtless important additions that could be made to it: many have already been suggested in our office. The one great central fact that we would emphasize is that this country must defeat Hitler, that to do so requires all our energies and that we are not yet working on anything like the necessary scale or with the necessary haste.

The Dead Cat in Foreign Policy

Relations among the Dutch East Indies, Japan and the United States remain largely unclarified. In the very act of lifting respectful eyes to a favorable stand on the democratic side, the nose picks up a dead cat on the same trail. The Dutch East Indies have stood firm against Japanese demands for a larger share of their tin, rubber and oil exports; Secretary Hull has reiterated our interest in preserving the status quo; Ambassador Grew has told Japan that her German Axis partner is a menace which America may have to fight and with whom a peace is not negotiable. But along with these admirable sequels to the President's reiteration of aid to China comes the report by the New York Post columnists, Edward P. Flynn and Frank Rhylick, concerning the stand of the House Rules Committee in its session of June 4. Representative John Coffee had called for an investigation of the leakage of war materials to the Axis and his resolution was strongly opposed by Dean Acheson, Assistant Secretary of State, and Brigadier General Russell L. Maxwell, administrator of Export Control. "Both were speaking for the administration." Acheson held that passage of the resolution would be disastrous, since it was largely aimed at Japan, to whom oil shipments must continue if the Dutch East Indies were to remain unmolested. He "emphasized that the government intended to continue this policy as long as possible, and regarded even an investigation of the entire subject as 'unwise'." General Maxwell supported his colleague and insisted that no American raw materials were indirectly reaching Germany and Italy—although the Dutch believe the contrary to be the case and are making it the basis of their refusal to negotiate an agreement with Japan.

Without these dissenting statements we might have concluded that the Indies were being encouraged by the State Department to resist Japanese demands. Now, we feel, a responsible official will have to clear the dead cat away before we take that trail again.

Why Not Quit the Near East?

Many Americans have recently been asking why the British do not withdraw at once from Egypt and all of Asia Minor. The argument is that they cannot possibly put into the field forces even half as large as the Germans have at their command, that they are sure to be defeated, and that it will be better from every point of view to save as much material and as many lives as possible by withdrawing now.

The New Republic has put this question up to a competent British source which we are not at liberty to reveal. The statement in reply follows:

First of all, there is the general question of strategy. The more pressure we are able to bring to bear on the southeastern front, the more we take up the attention and energy of the Germans in that direction. On a large scale, the situation is comparable to many others which have gone before. One of the best examples is to be found in the last chapters of Wavell's book on Allenby, in which he describes how Allenby sent out two expeditions into Transjordan during the spring and summer of 1918, how both these expeditions suffered a tactical defeat, and how they nevertheless scored a strategic success by compelling the Turks to keep a third of their forces in Transjordan.

The second reason appears to be one more of common sense than of strategy. If we cease to fight the Germans in the Mediterranean it does not mean that they themselves will be willing to cease fighting. It has always been a German ambition to penetrate into the East, and if we should withdraw our forces from the Near and Middle East,

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they would undoubtedly be found very shortly to be attacking our forces in India. It is the announced policy of the British government to attack the Germans wherever they are found and wherever they can be attacked. That is why we are now attacking them in Syria.

There is another strategical reason. At present the Germans are not able to transport into Germany all of the oil which they can buy in Rumania. Still less could they transport overland the oil which they could buy from Russia. It is believed by our authorities that sabotage is seriously affecting the overland transport—which in any case is not very good. If the Germans got control of the Mediterranean they could very easily transport oil by sea from Russia and from Rumania to ports in the Adriatic, to Genoa, and even to French ports on the Mediterranean. This would simplify one of their most pressing problems. It is obviously in our interest to prevent it if we can.

Finally and simply there is this factor: That we do not wish the Germans to control any more of the earth's surface than they are able to take by force. There are times when retreat is the best military course; but retreat on such a large scale seems to be entirely unnecessary from the military point of view. Wavell must now have very considerable forces under his command, and even though they were not able to hold Greece and Crete and Salonika, it is not necessary to believe that they must lose the Near and Middle East entirely.

Fascism in South Africa

Fascism has now taken a leading role among the forces within the British Empire which are working for its destruction. In India, we learn, there is a growing fascist movement led by the younger brother of Subhas Bose. In the Union of South Africa, General Jan Smuts is struggling desperately against a Nazi movement which gains in strength at every new advance of the German army. This movement is based upon the German population of South Africa. It demands that Smuts be overthrown and the Union replaced by an Afrikanderdom closely allied to Hitler. Last week its parliamentary wing, the Nationalist Party, led by Dr. D. F. Malan, held a conference at which Britain and the United States were denounced. The Party called for the negotiation of a separate peace with Germany.

Some months ago, the leaders of the Nationalist Party formed a full-fledged Nazi movement aimed at the creation of a dictatorship by the Afrikanders in the Union. This movement has its economic wing in the Reddingsdaatbond, which is carrying on a propaganda campaign among Afrikander business men. It has also a military wing in the Ossewabrandwag, a secret terrorist organization run on strictly army lines. The commanding generals of this organization are Malan, Oswald Pirow and other Nationalist leaders. The Ossewabrandwag has organized an economic boycott of British goods and is believed to have distributed firearms among its members. On a number of occasions, armed policemen, members of the Ossewabrandwag, have attacked and beaten Union soldiers who were leaving to fight against the Nazis. If Britain should be defeated, it seems certain that the Union of South Africa would be a Nazi state, anti-American in spirit and run largely from Berlin.

Death of an Enemy

In the field of ideas the supreme effort of the United States and its allies in the last war was to drive a wedge between the people of Germany and their rulers, represented in the person of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Has any campaign of ideas ever been more successful than that one led by Woodrow Wilson? It was not as useless as it seemed to many who found themselves too uninterested in their once archenemy to read the double-page obituary spreads that the news of his death in exile brought to their daily papers last week. The ideal of democracy is a stronger one and closer to the hearts of mankind than the ideal of an autocracy which imposes its rule by mystic authority and the mailed fist. "Wilsonian liberalism" proved that magnificently, and the lesson should not be forgotten. We have learned too that the democratic ideal needs a foundation of sound economics—and that the economy of no one nation is sound unless all others are. The effort to master and apply that second lesson has been the effort of men of peace and good will throughout the world during the past twenty-three years. We did not hate Wilhelm II, upon his death, because we knew ourselves superior to him, as in our hearts we know ourselves better men than Hitler, who is again fighting for a creed which men wish to reject. Our ideal will defeat Hitler's, as it defeated Wilhelm's; but only intelligence will make the victory and the peace secure.

The Purge in the AFT

The American Federation of Teachers has now expelled the three locals, in New York and Philadelphia, which were charged with Communist control. The vote in the case of the New York local was 11,256 to 8,499, which seems a fairly clear majority. Like other outsiders, the editors of The New Republic have no decisive evidence that the charge of Communist control was true; but certainly, the leaders of these suspended locals have acted as if it were. They have used precisely the tactics to which the Communists, who despise democratic methods, adhere. First they tried to prevent the referendum. Then they announced that they would not be bound by it. They are insisting that their delegates shall be seated at the convention of the Federation next August. It is also expected that they will take the matter into court.

Meanwhile, there is plenty of evidence that the widespread reports of Communist dictation in these locals, going back many years, have enormously weakened the movement for trade unionism among teachers, not only in New York and Philadelphia, but throughout the country. This is the gravest part of the whole

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matter. We hope that within a few months the AFT will be in a position to assure the people of the United States that no part of its organization is dominated by fanatical foes of democracy and the democratic process.

How Much Money for the WPA?

A bill proposing $885,905,000 for the WPA in the fiscal year 1942 has been reported on favorably by the House Appropriations Committee. This is nearly half a billion dollars less than the relief appropriation of 1941, and the cut is explained on the grounds of growing employment resulting from the defense program.

In our issue of June 2 we explained at length why such a cut is totally undesirable. It is too easy to conclude, as supporters of the bill have done, that selective service and the defense program will absorb the bulk of the unemployed. Some key industries have long been at capacity; expansion of defense plants will often be made at the cost of limiting production of non-defense materials; bottlenecks in defense industries and the inevitably slower and irregular absorption of workers as plants become converted to defense production will limit the process of employment. We believe that unemployment in 1941-42 will still stand between five and seven and a half millions. In the fiscal years 1937-41, the WPA absorbed 29 percent of the unemployed; this year it will absorb 25 percent. Under the new bill it will take care of only 20 percent. This vital fact alone should be enough to cause rejection of the bill, to say nothing of the adverse results in the matter of morale and of concrete accomplishment by the WPA, essential to the welfare of the country.

No Subway Strike

The way has now been opened for a settlement of the New York City subway dispute without a strike that would throw the whole normal life of the city into chaos. The city had asked the New York Supreme Court to rule that it could not make a contract with the union because the subway employees are under civil service. The court replied that it could not act in this matter without a full trial in which all the pertinent facts would be brought out. There now seems no obstacle, therefore, to a compromise solution. There are only two points where civil service and collective bargaining appear to be in conflict—the closed shop and the unlimited right to strike. But there are many other matters as to which collective bargaining is right and desirable—wages, hours, vacations, discipline, seniority. Let the city make a contract for collective bargaining on these other questions. In other parts of the United States, transportation workers have collective bargaining in spite of civil service; and even New York City works with the unions, in other fields. Here is a sensible solution of a bad problem. There is every reason to believe that the transport workers would accept it. What are we waiting for?

News Notes of a Week

Federal juries in San Francisco brought indictments against 194 corporations and individuals charged with monopolistic control of defense industries and food; every major cannery in the Central Valley fruit and vegetable fields was included. . . . New Jersey closed Nordland, the Bund camp, and repealed the charter of the German-American Bund Auxiliary. . . . Mayor LaGuardia announced a plan to enroll 60,000 people in New York City in an Air Raid Warden Service and to form an auxiliary police force of 15,000. . . . Charles Lindbergh said he didn't mean the President when he talked about "a change in leadership." He was just talking about "interventionists." . . . Southern mine owners accepted the National Defense Mediation Board's recommendation that the wage differential of 40 cents between Northern and Southern coal mines be eliminated. . . . The army asked a top age limit of twenty-seven on the draft.

The British Labor Party voted against compromise with Germany or Italy by 2,400,000 to 19,000. . . . Tokyo released a story "from informed sources" saying that Japan is supplying Germany with 1,500 tons of food and supplies daily, via the trans-Siberian railway. . . . Ankara reported that the Nazis are putting pressure on Russia for permission to move an army across Soviet territory to seize Iran and outflank the British in Syria.

The President Breaks a Strike

THE COMMUNIST LEADERSHIP of the local union in the North American plane plant in Los Angeles has provoked the President into using the army against striking workmen for the first time since President Cleveland broke the Pullman strike and created a *cause célèbre* for labor which made Eugene Debs an international working-class hero. These leaders were clearly in the wrong and had precipitated a situation in which drastic action was needed. The issues were before the National Mediation Board; the employer had agreed to accept its decision, retroactive to May 1; the union had promised to remain at work pending the outcome. The national officials both of the CIO and of the United Auto and Aircraft Workers had outlawed the strike and denounced its leaders.

Nevertheless the Communists are playing for bigger game than a few days' shut-down of a single defense plant. They had gained such loyalty from a large group of non-Communists that the rank and file were willing to defy the government: they hope to gain the support of millions of American workers. The breaking of this strike will have been achieved at too great a price if the government helps them to succeed.

That it has already given the left-wing leaders price-

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less ammunition cannot be denied. For years the administration tolerated open defiance of the law—not of a mere presidential proclamation, but of a statute passed by Congress and validated by the courts—when it failed to bring to book the violators of the National Labor Relations Act. Ever since the defense emergency, it has not taken over a single plant for this type of "insurrection." More, it has insisted on giving hundreds of millions of defense orders to the recalcitrants. Most of these law-breakers, it is true, have now been disciplined, but by no such all-out process as the use of fixed bayonets.

Workers know that the defense effort is being run largely by dollar-a-year men who have consistently sabotaged expansion of plant capacity in aluminum, steel, power, shipbuilding, railroad equipment and other essential commodities. These men have been proved mistaken, but they still have the President's ear and retain their authority. Workers also know that many industrialists would not accept defense orders until they had obtained a good high price and the government had assured them against loss.

All this, it may be said, occurred before the fireside talk announcing the full emergency. The present action is the first taken under that declaration. But nothing is more important than that the government should now lean over backward to correct its past delinquencies and should prove beyond a shadow of doubt that it is acting in good faith as the custodian of democratic safety.

First, having broken the strike—if the strike stays broken—the administration must show that it is not the partisan of an employer who, while making fat profits, haggled for seven weeks with the union over a minimum of 75 cents an hour and a 10-percent wage increase. It could with propriety assume ownership of the plant, run it as a government arsenal and give the employer due compensation. It cannot indefinitely act as a private employer's policeman to keep the men at work. If it withdraws, it can do so only after full and free acceptance of a settlement by the strikers.

Second, the administration must immediately clarify the announcement of the War Department that those under the draft who have been deferred for special skills, and who are not using those skills in production, shall lose their deferment. We cannot allow local draft boards to outlaw all strikes, just and unjust alike, by the threat of conscription.

Third, and most important, let's have some all-out action, as prompt and decisive as the use of the soldiers at Los Angeles, in pursuit of the other brave words in the fireside talk. The President said there must be no profiteering or excess profits. The present excess-profits tax is a joke: the Treasury is authority for the statement that under it numerous great companies engaged in defense production will pay no extra taxes at all. The House is balking at the mild revisions suggested by the Treasury. Shall we let the Communists say that this great democracy makes workers produce at the point of the bayonet for the benefit of a crop of war millionaires? The President has a personal responsibility for action in this realm.

At the same time Congress hesitates to heed the War Department's warning that the government needs power to commandeer essential plants and materials. We are surprised that additional legislation is necessary for this purpose; if the President should interpret his powers as broadly in this instance as in the North American dispute, none would be. Speculators have bought up and are holding large quantities of goods, machinery and other essentials that are needed for defense. Scarcities artificially caused by this exercise of "business as usual" are interfering with defense production to a far greater extent than strikes.

We use soldiers to break a strike; what are we doing to prevent profiteers from withholding essential goods and services, and then retaining their ill gotten gains? We are not lifting one little finger. Mr. President, put the heat on Congress to act on excess profits and commandeering! If it will not act, and quickly, act yourself! If you do not, we shall see a growing disaffection within labor, further preventable delays in defense production, inflation and, if we are not conquered by Hitler's arms, post-war consequences that may be just as disastrous.

How the Strikers Get That Way

A FEW THOUSAND airplane workers at Los Angeles have done the cause of labor in America tremendous harm. If Congress passes drastic legislation forbidding strikes, it will be partly the result of their attitude. They have already been somewhat responsible for the orders sent out to draft boards that strikers in defense industries shall lose their deferment based on the fact of doing essential war work.

The main questions of the strike are discussed elsewhere in this issue; here we propose to consider how the strikers have come to develop such a state of mind. Presumably they don't want to live under Hitler any more than do the rest of us. Yet they struck against the urgent appeal of the heads of their own international unions, government mediators and local officials. They struck when their case was already in the hands of mediators with a promise by the company that the decision of the Mediation Board would be accepted and would be made retroactive to May 1. They struck over a difference in money terms which could not be more than ten cents an hour in the worst cases. Many of them were in a mood to defy even the power of the United States army to keep the plant closed. Some of these men, and several of their leaders, are obviously Stalinists, following out a deliberate policy of obstructing America's war effort in order to benefit Hitler. But

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there is no reason to believe that this is true of all, or even a majority, of the rank and file themselves. What are the other reasons? We do not know all of them, but we can suggest one or two.

A fact to remember is that Los Angeles is and always has been an open-shop town. To be a member of any kind of union has implied some degree of social pressure of disapproval. This makes for clannish solidarity with your fellow union members and a heightened impulse to resent any sort of "outside dictation"—even from the international president.

Another point is that, with very few exceptions, Southern California journalism is far below the level of that in other parts of the United States. Los Angeles is dominated journalistically by the appalling Mr. Hearst and the labor-hating Los Angeles Times. Anyone who has lived in Southern California can testify that it is very hard to get from the local newspapers an adequate sense of national and international problems. If the strikers do not realize that their country is in deadly peril, California journalism must bear a good part of the blame.

A third point is that the Los Angeles area is a money-dominated civilization to a greater extent than many other parts of the country. A majority of all the inhabitants have lived in the area only a few years. They are a rootless, drifting people among whom competition is desperate. To be sure, the little people help their neighbors, as they do everywhere; but they also hope to get on top tomorrow, and money is the one talisman of success. This attitude certainly exists in other places as well; but it is more marked—or franker—in a frontier civilization than in an older one that has swung into balance.

The educational system of Southern California must bear much of the blame for the attitude of these young strikers, many of whom are only a few years out of high school. California has marvelous public-school the matter of giving its graduates a profound sense of buildings, commonly described as the finest in the world; but it is now legitimate to question whether the quality of instruction lives up to the green grass, marble and brick. Certainly it does not seem to, in community participation.

The problem these strikers present is almost the deepest by which the nation is confronted. The army can take over a strike-bound plant, but it cannot build planes or guns. England during the last war made striking an act of treason, punishable by death, only to find that coercion did not work and to return to persuasion. We in this country are now reaping the bitter fruits of generations of refusal, on the part of the whole nation, to consider the profound springs of human nature as they are manifested in the workman at his bench and in his union hall. Unless we learn our lesson in time, we shall never get the united and tremendous effort that is required.

A Letter to Frenchmen

WHETHER THIS or anything else that anybody might say on the subject will ever be read by Frenchmen in France is doubtful; nevertheless we cannot repress the impulse to say it. There is a tragedy in the making—a tragedy greater even than the conquest of France by Hitler. Frenchmen are already fighting Frenchmen and Englishmen in behalf of their oppressor; they may soon be fighting Americans as well. The bulk of the French people can now do little to prevent this outcome, but at least we hope they will be able to understand why.

The British do not want Syria; we do not want Dakar or Martinique. This is no conflict for imperialist prizes. Syria was never part of the French empire anyway, it was entrusted to French administration by the League of Nations, to which Hitler gave the final blow. A free France could have retained her territory without question or opposition. We do not want French ships. Most of all, we do not want to fight Frenchmen, and we deplore the miseries caused by the war to French women and children.

What we are firmly resolved to accomplish, however, is to prevent Hitler from doing to us or to Britain what he did to France. If we can do that, we may be able to help the French liberate themselves. In order to make sure of this, we must prevent Hitler from using French territory or ships—or soldiers—in order to extend his power and his threat. And we will so act, no matter how many unfortunate or misguided Frenchmen may stand in the way.

The government at Vichy is composed largely of men who at heart sympathize with the totalitarian enemies of French democracy. Frenchmen may not believe this, but at least they can see that the Vichy government has placed itself in a position where it must act as Hitler's accomplice. The only thing that can save it from that fate is greater and more successful armed resistance to Hitler on the part of Britain and this country. The governments of Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Yugoslavia and Greece refused to deal with Hitler; they went where they could be free; they put their navies, merchant marines and other available resources at the service of those who still were determined to defeat Hitler. They remain loyal allies. The government at Vichy took the opposite course; however conscientiously it did so, it must suffer the consequences, and so must, unfortunately, the French people.

The case is simple, is it not? Will you understand, and help us as much as you can? Can you blame us for defending our future, and your own? We accept the responsibility for what we may have to do; the responsibility for forcing us to do it will lie with those Frenchmen who betrayed and surrendered their country.

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The St. Lawrence and Defense

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE to Congress of June 5, dealing with the St. Lawrence project, was forceful and determined, a signal of his intention to mobilize the entire resources of America in the struggle against fascism. "The enemies of democracy," the President said, "are developing every hydroelectric source and every waterway from Norway to the Dardanelles. Are we to allow this continent to be outmatched because shortsighted interests oppose the development of one of our greatest resources?"

The authorization of the project, the President said, "will demonstrate to the enemies of democracy that, however long the effort, we intend to outstrip them in the race of production. In the modern world that race determines the rise and fall of nations." He placed the issue of the St. Lawrence project squarely before Congress. "Your action on this project," he said, "will either make available or withhold 2,200,000 horsepower of low-cost electric power for the joint defense of North America. Your action on this project will either open or keep bottled up one of the greatest transportation resources ever offered to a people."

The forcefulness of the President's message is a measure of the urgency of the St. Lawrence development. If Congress is sincere in its desire to defend this country, it will authorize the construction of the project without delay.

The St. Lawrence development is of great importance to New York State. It will halve the cost of New York's power supply; it will give to New York an impetus of further industrial development such as was given to the Northwest, the Southwest and the Southeast by Grand Coulee, Bonneville and the TVA. But it is not New York alone that the project will benefit; for the workers and farmers of the landlocked Middle West it will be of even greater value.

The development of St. Lawrence power is vital for defense. In the last war, power shortages choked our production of nitrates and aluminum. Today the power shortage is even more serious. This is a light-metals war, and the light metals—aluminum, magnesium and other alloys—need great quantities of power. Already lack of power is threatening light-metal production. St. Lawrence power can be available within three years, far sooner than an equivalent amount of steam power and at far less cost. The development is badly needed to break the bottleneck in power.

The St. Lawrence seaway is also a defense necessity. It will greatly lighten the already overloaded transportation system which, in 1917, broke down completely. It will shorten by a thousand miles of open water the route to England and to our new bases in Greenland. More important, it will provide ships. Today we are producing ships at less than a third of the rate at which they are being sunk. We cannot expand fast enough through the coastal shipyards. But on the Great Lakes, the largest industrial area in the world is ready to build ships, safe from any possible attack. There are berths on the Great Lakes ready to start work on twenty-eight cruisers and destroyers at any time. With the approval of the Navy Department and the Army Engineers, the President has stated that if the project is authorized, naval vessels built on the Great Lakes may be in service on the Atlantic within two years.

The opponents of the seaway, who defeated the proposal six years ago, today assert that it is now too late—the project cannot be finished in time to be of any use in defense. (This, if it were true, would be their fault, though they do not say so.) In two years, apparently, there is to be no more war. But who can say that within two years fascism will be defeated? And who would be willing to say that we should compromise with it if, in two years' time, it is still destroying democracy the world over? To foresee defeat in two years is to accept defeat today. To foresee victory at any time is to assert that America's role in the reconstruction which would follow would itself demand the full utilization of all of our resources.

Despite the President's message, there is danger that the St. Lawrence project may be defeated. Strong vested interests are opposed to it. Coal, railroad and utility companies who fear lowered profits, certain ports which fear lowered trade, have built powerful lobbies to defeat the authorization. New York itself is uncertain. Senator Wagner voted against the project in 1934. Senator Mead is opposed to it today. The representatives of all states are waiting to hear the views of their electors.

The authorization of the St. Lawrence development is more than a test of our sincerity in preparing our defense. It is a test of our maturity as a nation; of our ability to subordinate sectional interests to the life of our country itself, and to plan for our future as a people.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Struggle for More Steel

THE BITTER LESSONS of shortsightedness are being driven home. Shortages which were foreseen by some a year ago, which industry denied and the OPM ignored, are now breaking above the surface, holding production back, endangering our defense and Britain's independence. Shortages of oil and power have taken their place beside those in aluminum, zinc, copper, shipbuilding and machine tools, delaying defense work, closing non-defense factories, throwing men out of work. Two weeks ago the President proclaimed the mobilization of "all of the physical power, all of the moral strength and all of the material resources of this nation." But some government officials believe that the shortage of materials will cause total employment actually to decline this autumn.

In the face of these dangers it is heartening to learn that at last the basic bottleneck in metals—steel—has been broken. At a conference of Leon Henderson, OPM officials and steel representatives, it has been agreed that 10,000,000 tons of new steel capacity will be built. This agreement is terribly late, and it is still not enough steel, but it means that at least we have learned to look more than two months ahead.

The agreement is a victory for the younger group of men in Washington who foresaw the steel shortage and asserted that the needs of defense did not demand the serious slashing of civilian standards. It is a sign of the rapidly growing power of Leon Henderson, whose intervention to end the shortage was decisive. It is a defeat for the members of the Monopoly First Committee of the OPM.

The struggle for expansion of steel capacity has gone on since the first days of the NDAC. It has taken a year to resolve itself, because, from beginning to end, the steel men in whose hands steel capacity was placed in the OPM and the NDAC resisted expansion.

This is true of Stettinius of U. S. Steel, the NDAC Commissioner in charge of Raw Materials; it is true of Samuel Fuller, closely associated with the steel companies, who is in charge of raw materials in the OPM; it is true of Gano Dunn, U. S. Steel adviser and special consultant of the OPM on steel capacity; it is true above all of a key figure on steel capacity—Walter Tower, consultant to the NDAC and the OPM, and president of the United States Iron and Steel Institute. Tower had only one important qualification to serve as consultant to the armament program. In 1937, when Little Steel, the backbone of the Institute, was opposing with bloodshed and violence the Wagner Act and the CIO, Iron and Steel Institute directors purchased more than a third of America's entire production of the gases and certain other munitions used in strikes.

As early as August, 1940, it became apparent that the steel industry was inadequate to meet civilian and defense needs. Even on the basis of the Production Mobilization Plan, the earliest beginnings of the defense program, a report prepared by the Bureau of Research and Statistics of the NDAC estimated that shortages in steel plates and heavy structural shapes, essential for naval expansion, were already threatening and that a shortage of four million tons of pig iron—equivalent to eight percent of pig-iron capacity—would develop. A later edition of the report revised its estimate of the steel shortage on the basis of a defense effort of $17,000,000,000, the level we are approaching now. It was estimated that at this level there would be a shortage of more than ten million tons in 1942.

As Consultant on Steel Capacity, it was Tower's responsibility to see that sufficient capacity was available to meet requirements. Instead, Tower acted as chief lobbyist for the Iron and Steel Institute. In October, when backlogs were piling up and the industry was approaching full capacity, the Iron and Steel Institute through Tower, took its stand against expansion.

"After a careful study of available facts," Tower said in a speech, "the steel industry foresees no necessity for any extensive additions to its capacity. . . . Should there be any important change in conditions which would result in an urgent need for accelerated deliveries . . . it might superficially appear necessary to expand productive capacity as an emergency measure. Under the circumstances, it would be far more practical to supply the government's needs by temporarily curtailing the less vital forms of consumption."

In this speech, Tower laid down the lines that the industry was to follow. It was adhered to so closely in speeches by Girdler, Weir and Irving Olds that it seems probable the basic statistics used in each must have been supplied by Tower and the Iron and Steel Institute.

Stettinius stood with the Institute. He rejected the report of the Bureau of Research and Statistics and ordered a member of his own staff, Melvin de Chazeau, to prepare an entirely new report. After taking two and a half vital months in preparing his report, de Chazeau came to the same conclusion as the Bureau—that there was an imminent shortage of steel.

Although de Chazeau was a recognized expert on the steel industry, Stettinius rejected the report. He called for an entirely new one. This time he could be sure that it would not demand an expansion of steel capacity. It was to be a report on "The Adequacy of the Steel Industry for National Defense." It was to be written by a consultant of U. S. Steel—Gano Dunn.

Dunn handed his report to the President two and a half months later. Sure enough, it turned out that the report said there was an actual surplus of steel.

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Dunn's report was first issued as a White House release. His estimate of a surplus was accepted, and the President went on to brand as a "deliberate lie" the assertion of a manufacturer that he had been unable to obtain supplies of steel for civilian use.

Dunn's report was full of misconceptions all of which operated to minimize the danger of the steel shortage. By two unwarranted assumptions he raised the supposed capacity of the industry by 3,000,000 tons. He cut estimates of steel requirements for shipbuilding by two-thirds. He reduced estimates of national income to an absurdly low figure in order to cut civilian requirements, and so managed to prove that there would be 10,000,000 tons too much steel capacity in 1941 and 2,000,000 tons too much in 1942. The Iron and Steel Institute was delighted to have its view confirmed. In private, its members were more realistic. In March, 150 representatives of the industry met in a secret meeting. They had a Murray Plan of their own in mind—they elected an undercover committee to deal out defense orders, to administer priorities and to speak for the industry to the OPM, dictating terms and preventing runaway action such as U. S. Steel's when it signed with the CIO. But the executive committee was rigged from the start, and when news of the meeting leaked to the press, the outcry of independent producers who were unrepresented killed the plan.

Dunn was very proud of the increase in capacity of 3,000,000 tons planned by the industry. But when H. J. Kaiser proposed in April to more than double the production of steel on the West Coast by the construction there of 1,500,000 tons of new steel capacity, the Iron and Steel Institute moved in behind Tower to crush the plan. Kaiser was not a steel manufacturer. But as a shipbuilder he knew that there was not enough steel on the West Coast to supply even the shipyard requirements. The needs of the West Coast were 8,000,000 tons a year; its production was less than 1,500,000 tons. Normally, the balance was brought by ship from the East Coast, but with the lack of ships and the general steel shortage, the West Coast faced a famine.

But the West Coast belonged to Bethlehem and U. S. Steel. In rejecting Kaiser's proposal, Knudsen stated that the plant "wasn't of great moment in the steel picture." It was only 1,500,000 tons, not much more than 1.5 percent of total steel capacity. Yet it was simply to save 1.5 percent of steel capacity that Knudsen, on April 17, issued an order to cut automobile production by 20 percent.

In April and May the storm rose around the OPM. The increase in national income which the Bureau of Research and Statistics had foreseen and the stepping-up of the arms program which should have been anticipated, stirred a gale that swept Dunn's figures away.

On May 22, Dunn submitted to the President his second report on the Adequacy of the Steel Industry for National Defense. This time he predicted an inadequacy of 1,400,000 tons in 1941, and 6,400,000 tons in 1942. Dunn gave as the reason for his reversal the increased requirements resulting from "the lend-lease program and other developments of national policy." Actually the British are now getting less steel under the lease-lend program than in the autumn of 1940, for ships are no longer available to carry the steel to England. Yet Dunn still minimized the steel shortage and opposed by a series of misleading arguments an expansion of capacity. Again the President echoed Dunn's views.

On May 22, Tower delivered a speech to the Iron and Steel Institute which for an official of the OPM seems almost treasonable. He seriously misinterpreted Dunn's report; he blindly reasserted that the industry could "furnish much more steel than any possible requirements can amount to"; and he denounced the "self-appointed mentors of the industry who insist that the industry must be required to assume a staggering burden of forced expansion."

But Tower and Dunn were finished. Early in May, James Forrestal, the Under-Secretary of the Navy, returned from England and reported that 2,000,000 tons of England's 15,000,000-ton iron and steel industry had been destroyed. He asserted that an amount of steel capacity equivalent to the British should be ready for military production in America to compensate for any further British losses. Henderson, as administrator of civilian supply, accepted this argument and showed that even if 15,000,000 tons were added to present military requirements, there would still be less steel available for civilian use than in the depth of the depression of 1933. Without delay, Henderson thrust himself into the steel situation. Biggers and Fuller of the OPM were called into conference with representatives of U. S. Steel and Bethlehem; an increase in capacity was agreed upon and the bottleneck in steel was broken. But the issue is not yet settled. Who, for instance, is to operate the new plants which the government will presumably finance and hold during the defense emergency? The existing corporations, or new men, such as Kaiser, who want to break the monopoly?

And how many more times is this blunder to be repeated? The blame falls principally upon the industrialists of the OPM, but not on them alone. When these men proved themselves incapable of foreseeing a future crisis and of acting instantly to forestall it, it was the responsibility of the President to give to them clear and thorough directives which they could carry out. Never until this week were the steel companies told how much steel would be needed; never was the OPM told to get more steel. The most urgent of all defense necessities is a staff of economists attached to the White House to translate into future requirements the President's objectives, so that he, in turn, may tell the industrialists of the OPM exactly what they are to do.

Washington MICHAEL STRAIGHT

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Fresh Hope for the Refugee

Soon the war will be going into its third year. But for the front-line fighters for democracy whom we have come to call the "refugees," the war has been a reality since the advent of Hitler in 1933.

New homes must be found for approximately 8,000 people in Portugal; 1,300 people in Spain; 400,000 people in France, including Spaniards, Czechs, Germans, Austrians and Poles; and 50,000 people in England, a total of about 460,000. It was agreed at the meeting of the Intergovernmental Committee at Evian in October, 1939, that the committee would support only those projects which were confined to settlers coming from areas outside Germany or German control. France recently asked the American Republics to absorb an annual quota of only 12,000 a year, for five years, indicating that she felt able to find a place for most of the 400,000 refugees now in unoccupied France. The immediate problem is to resettle on the land, over and above those who go by means of infiltration to the United States and other New World countries, a group not exceeding 30,000 people in any one year.

Certainly that should be possible. But at the present moment, the only settlement which has advanced beyond the initial stage is the one at Sosua in the Dominican Republic. In 1938 the Dominican government agreed to accept 100,000 refugees, and is now taking them as fast as transportation can be arranged. A number of American humanitarians, under the leadership of James N. Rosenberg and Dr. Joseph A. Rosen of New York and Leon Falk Jr. of Pittsburgh, organized the Dominican Republic Settlement Association. Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, who was President of the Dominican Republic at the time, donated his private estate of 26,000 acres at Sosua, and has recently added 50,000 acres to the original grant.

Sosua is doing well and is worth studying in some detail. During its first year it has purchased for cash more than $161,000 worth of American materials and American machinery; orders of almost equal size have been placed for delivery within the next few months. Sosua has taught that if human material is chosen with care at the place of origin, if a suitable area is available for new homes, and if there is intelligent management, refugees from Central Europe can successfully take root in the soil of the New World. Sosua is now the home of approximately 500 settlers who are solving the problems of livelihood and health. Among them one finds tailors, farmers, butchers, barbers, storekeepers, nurses and technicians of all sorts. They are learning that their fears of tropical diseases are far from justified and that health conditions at Sosua are good. It is a complete community. There are places of worship for Catholics, Jews and Protestants. There are stores, warehouses, administration buildings, an athletic field, recreation centers, a post office, bathing facilities and so forth.

The method of receiving a settler into the colony is unique. When he arrives, he is placed in a school where he is taught the native language, tropical agriculture, home economics and other necessary requisites to his new life. When the administration is satisfied that a settler is able to go out on his own with his family, he is given the choice between joining a group or working individually. The groups that go out together form cooperatives to specialize in particular crops and to provide little community centers away from Sosua itself, thus effecting development of a rural population over a large area. Mr. Falk, chairman of the executive committee of the Dominican Republic Settlement Association, has mustered scientific and individual experience for the support of the colony. For instance, he has brought to this Caribbean country a new cash crop, the tropical castor bean.

In addition to the Dominican project, possibilities for resettlement have been explored in the Philippines, British Guiana, British Honduras, Bolivia, Ecuador, Brazil, the Argentine and Colombia.

The offer made by the Philippine government in 1939 to accept refugees in large numbers on the island of Mindanao, the southernmost island of the Philippine Archipelago, was made effective when, shortly after, the Refugee Economic Corporation of New York purchased 12,500 acres, a step that was recommended by a commission of experts selected by President Isaiah Bowman of Johns Hopkins University. When war conditions interrupted transportation, a first contingent of approximately eight hundred settlers had been chosen. From 1938 to date, through an insular program of selective immigration, the Philippines have received through infiltration about thirteen hundred refugees. It was found that there was a need in the commonwealth for medical specialists, chemical engineers, registered nurses, dentists, oculists, automobile mechanics, film and photography experts; some hundred and fifty of these experts were accepted. During the early part of 1940, the Philippines opened their doors to those who were in great danger of bodily harm from the Gestapo, and issued temporary visas for two years' residence. A committee was set up to handle this procedure and deposits were required.

British Guiana was studied in 1939 by an Anglo-American commission working with the Intergovernmental Committee. The conclusion was that although the colony is by no means ideal country for large-scale settlement of refugees from middle European coun-

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tries, it offers possibilities for settlement on a moderate scale and has the added advantage that settlement would be supported by the British government. It is in dire need of increased population, particularly of an enterprising kind, backed by reasonable financial resources. The local population is friendly to the development of a settlement, because this will create a market for sugar and rice, the chief products of the coastal plantations.

The government of British Honduras has signified its interest in refugee settlement, and the country itself, since it is a British crown colony located on the Caribbean, with a healthful climate, offers considerable opportunity. The Refugee Economic Corporation of New York is in negotiation with the local authorities and has blueprinted places of settlement.

Bolivia, situated as it is in the eastern Andean Valley zone, is a veritable paradise from the standpoint of climate and productivity. A drawback is the lack of facilities for transportation of products to the seaboard, and the development and maintenance of *haciendas* is difficult for newcomers. Here again the European must learn to adapt himself to a new life and his ability to do this will determine the success of the settlements. Some ten thousand refugees have migrated to Bolivia, and most of them settled in La Paz. Their situation was most unfortunate, since opportunities to work were very limited and considerable antipathy was aroused against them.

The Refugee Economic Corporation, together with the American Jewish Joint Agricultural Corporation, has initiated in Bolivia a settlement on virgin land in the rich Yungas district. Each of these organizations contributed $50,000 to this enterprise, and the project, while still in its first stages, gives promise of eventual success and prosperity.

The republics of Ecuador and Chile present two possible havens for refugees. Ecuador seems willing to let down her immigration bars for all newcomers who will engage in agriculture and new industries. The necessity for properly directing the expected flow of immigrants into desired channels is recognized by everyone. There is already a small group of refugees in Ecuador who are doing their best to fit into the national and economic life of the country, but they must have material aid and wise guidance. One of the most encouraging factors is that three-fourths of the land in Ecuador is owned by the government, and, with government coöperation, large-scale resettlement would be possible. Land can be purchased for five sucres per hectare (two to fourteen cents); and the government has approved a policy of granting to each immigrant family up to one hundred and twenty-four acres of land. The title is issued after five years, provided that at least one-fourth of the land has been cultivated during that period. The government has also agreed to accord free customs and entry into Ecuador of personal and household effects, agricultural implements and machinery, and seeds.

In Chile there are now some eleven thousand refugees who entered the country on a pledge to engage in agriculture—the same sort of pledge that will probably be required of the expected Ecuadorean immigration. But an overwhelming majority of the refugees now in Chile lack both the means and the proper training. Funds to help them are badly needed.

Although Brazil can absorb an immense additional white population, she is not now hospitable to immigrants unless they have special talents enabling them to fit into the country's economic life and are equipped with the capital resources which will make them self-supporting from the start.

The Argentine Republic has had a long history of successful colonization by immigrants of many nationalities, and the projects of the Jewish Colonization Association, for instance, are outstanding examples of successful resettlement in the New World. There are also available rich and unexploited arable lands in the interiors of Colombia and Venezuela.

These are a few samples of the resettlement projects which are under study in the Americas and elsewhere. The approach to them should be coördinated and centralized with substantial capital backing. The land is there. There is a crying need for population. The people are available in Europe. The most urgent immediate problem is to find a waiting station where refugees who have completed all but their final examination for entry into the United States and who are in immediate danger of extermination by the Nazis may be given temporary asylum.

Measures looking ahead to the long-range problem —the probable vast migration at the close of the war— should be taken now, and it is not too soon to start preparing the blueprints. Here is where the government can play an important role. A central governmental coördinating committee should be organized to direct a thoroughgoing effort to survey and scientifically study this geographical, economic and social problem. As President Roosevelt said to the Intergovernmental Committee in 1939: "We have been working, up to now, on too small a scale, and we have failed to apply modern engineering to our task."

Most of these territories which are suited to colonization by those who are seeking new homes cannot be developed without at least two or three years of engineering and economic studies. It is neither wise nor fair to send any colonists to them until the surveys have resulted in practical and definite plans.

Let us not be caught unprepared at the end of the war. The quicker we begin the undertaking and bring it to a reasonable decision, the quicker shall we be able to say that we can contribute something to the establishment of world peace.

ALFRED WAGG 3RD

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New Miracles of Atomic Research

OF ALL THE ACHIEVEMENTS coming out of American scientific laboratories none is more remarkable than the recent developments in the physics of the almost infinitely small, the molecule and the atom. The discoveries of the past few years have done the following:

1. Given us powerful new weapons in the fight against disease. Among these is an inexpensive new substitute for radium which can be used for many of the purposes for which radium or X-rays are now employed and can also be utilized in important new ways for which radium is not suitable.

2. Provided fresh techniques by which at one bound we have made much progress toward understanding the physical functioning of animals of all kinds, including man, and of plants.

3. Much increased our understanding of the organization of matter and thereby brought us a great step nearer to a possible solution of the "secret of the universe," the final relationship between energy and matter.

4. Made it possible easily and quickly to transmute practically all of the known elements into others, thus fulfilling the old dream of the medieval alchemists.

5. Brought almost within grasp the time when we shall be able to create new substances at will, with a predetermined atomic structure, producing substitutes for practically everything found in nature, with many of the existing disadvantages removed.

6. Given mankind definite hope that the great reservoir of power within the atom may be unlocked for the benefit of the human race, making every other source obsolete and creating on earth an undreamed-of Utopia —unless, of course, mankind should choose instead to destroy itself with this new weapon in the last and most terrible of all wars.

In order to explain how these developments are coming about, it is necessary to recapitulate in a few sentences what science now knows about the structure of matter. Hold a lump of steel—or any other substance —in your fingers and look at it. It seems solid and inert, yet it consists of numbers of minute particles some of which are in fact, in terms of their own size, quite widely separated from one another, some of them in a state of great activity and nearly all under enormous tension.

I know of no more vivid introduction to this atomic world than to borrow a figure used by Mr. Henry Schacht in The California Monthly. Look at a handkerchief, says Mr. Schacht, and imagine yourself getting smaller while the handkerchief remains the same size. First, it is like a circus tent; then you are standing in the midst of a great snowy plain of linen stretching to the horizon in all directions. As you grow smaller, you find you are on one of the threads, with gaps on both sides of you. A minute later as you still shrink, the thread itself turns into a bundle of fibers with open spaces around them. Smaller still, you fall between two of these fibers. Now imagine a greatly accelerated shrinking, and you are floating in space among what seem to be planets, suns and moons, furiously revolving. You are now, in short, in the world of the atom.

Its structure is still not entirely understood, but it is probable that each atom is like a miniature solar system. The nucleus is the sun; the electrons are like planets. If the electrons and the nucleus were enlarged until they were just visible to the naked eye, the electrons would be revolving at a distance of six feet or more. The electron is far smaller than the nucleus, just as our earth is smaller than our sun. The "sun" of this tiny planetary system is of course itself not solid; it is made up of protons and neutrons. As most people know, electrons are negatively charged, protons positively, and neutrons are neither. This is not the whole story of the atom, but it is enough for our present purposes.

Mr. Schacht's analogy gives you some idea of the minuteness of this world into which the scientists have lately ventured with such startling results. There are so many atoms in a single drop of water that if the entire population of the world started counting them busily, day and night without pausing, it would take ten thousand years. In order even to see an atom you would have to be reduced to a size of one-billionth of an inch. The nucleus of an atom is smaller than an inch in about the same proportion that an inch is smaller than the diameter of the sun, which is a little more than 864,000 miles.

Jerome Alexander, the well known research chemist, uses a picturesque illustration of the smallness of the molecule—which is itself larger than the atom, since it usually consists of two or more of them in exact order. Suppose, he says, that you could get one quart of close-packed molecules. Suppose you dumped them into the ocean somewhere and mixed them thoroughly with all the sea water throughout the world. Then, any quart of sea water dipped up at random, from any ocean anywhere, would have no fewer than 25,000 of those original molecules in it!

The most revolutionary invention since the beginning of the science of physics is the cyclotron, which is chiefly the work of Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence of the Radiation Laboratory of the University of California and his aides. This brilliant young scientist, who won

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the Nobel Prize at the age of thirty-eight and is not yet forty, has turned the whole world of physics very nearly upside down—in spite of which he remains a simple, natural native of Canton, South Dakota, easy to talk to and as completely American as you could imagine. The work of the cyclotron is usually described as "atom smashing," but this is a very poor phrase for what happens, since to most people it suggests complete destruction. What the cyclotron does is to rearrange the atom's structure, transforming it into an atom of some other substance or perhaps splitting it into two atoms of totally different character.

Despite the weird descriptions of it that have been published in some sensational papers, the cyclotron in principle is not complicated. Imagine a chamber shaped roughly like a frying-pan, placed between the poles of a powerful magnet. In a typical experiment, the air is removed and heavy hydrogen gas is substituted—its atom consisting of one neutron and one proton, as a nucleus, and one electron which rotates as a satellite. This nucleus, consisting of proton and neutron, is known as a deuteron. A heated filament inside the cyclotron emits a stream of electrons; these batter the hydrogen and knock the deuterons loose. The frying-pan chamber is divided into two halves which are alternately charged, positively and negatively, millions of times per second, by what is roughly the equivalent of the operation of a powerful broadcasting station. The deuterons, under this attraction, start rotating faster and faster in increasing arcs held in circular paths by the field of the powerful magnet. Finally, at terrific speed, they reach a slit in the frying-pan wall. Whatever is to be bombarded is placed over that slit and the deuterons, striking it, change its atomic structure.

The largest cyclotron at present, that of Dr. Lawrence at the University of California at Berkeley, weighs 225 tons and has an electric voltage of more than fifteen millions. There are in the world from thirty to forty cyclotrons, most of them in the United States. As most people know, a very large new one is under construction and will be finished in two or three years. It will be used, elaborately shielded, in a building ninety feet high in Berkeley. This new cyclotron is commonly spoken of as developing a power of 100,000,000 volts, but Dr. Lawrence now believes it may be as much as 200,000,000. The deuterons will travel 60,000 miles a second; they will melt a brick about as fast as a blowtorch can melt an equivalent amount of lard.

When the bombardment takes place, fundamental changes are created in the substance exposed to the deuterons. The atoms are altered so that sometimes two, of different substances, are produced where only one existed previously. For example, iron, bombarded with 8,000,000 volts, has some of its atoms changed into those of cobalt or manganese. Others remain iron, but with a wonderful new quality of radio-activity.

One of the things the cyclotron has done is to create artificially elements whose existence had heretofore only been deduced mathematically from the fact that there were gaps in the series of atomic-weight numbers. (The elements in the atomic table range from the lightest, hydrogen, with an atomic weight of one, to uranium, the heaviest, with an atomic weight of ninety-two.) One of these missing elements was number eighty-five. Bismuth has an atomic weight of eighty-three and helium of two. When helium atoms, with a force of thirty-eight million volts, are used to bombard bismuth, instead of being broken up, the bismuth and the helium combine to create element eighty-five.

This is remarkable enough but it is less dramatic than another fact. When the deuterons break down the atoms, what usually happens is that they divide into two or more parts. One becomes an atom of a light element such as hydrogen or helium. Another becomes radioactive. That is to say, it takes on temporarily the qualities of radium itself, giving off radium's characteristic powerful and penetrating rays. The effect in almost all cases, however, does not last so long as in natural radium. All radioactive matter slowly loses its strength, and scientists identify it by its "half-life," the length of time in which it deteriorates 50 percent. (They cannot speak of its whole life, since its deterioration is never complete; in the next period of equal time it loses half of its remaining strength, and so on.) The half-life of natural radium is about sixteen hundred and fifty years. The half-life of most artificial radioactive material produced in the cyclotron is as a rule very much less than this, ranging from a few minutes for oxygen and aluminum up to 310 days for manganese and 3 years for one type of sodium. In one case, that of artificially created radio-carbon, the substance has a half-life of at least a thousand years.

Another and very effective type of sodium, in which strong radiation is produced, has a half-life of 14.8 hours. This may seem brief; but in fact, the new cyclotron now being built will be able to manufacture in a few minutes radioactive sodium with a strength equal to a vast quantity of radium, perhaps as much as is now available for use in the entire world. It is possible that a few cyclotrons over the country at strategic spots could produce radioactive materials daily to be shipped quickly to the hospitals, supplying them at small cost with all the radioactive matter they could possibly use. As a matter of fact, the University of California Radiation Laboratory at present is sending radioactive substances to scientists all over the world for further experimentation. Naturally, those at a great distance must content themselves with the artificial radioactive materials of a longer half-life, such as hydrogen (150 to 170 days), sulphur (88 days) or calcium (180 days).

Dr. John H. Lawrence, brother and brilliant medical collaborator of Dr. Ernest Lawrence, says that so far as

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is now known, there is no reason to substitute the new artificial radioactive material for radium itself or for X-rays in the treatment of disease; but this is a cautious scientist's way of saying that if you have plenty of real radium, go ahead and use it. Not only does the cyclotron technique hold forth the prospect of unlimited quantities of what might be called synthetic radium, available for use all over the world, but it can be employed in important ways not open to natural radium.

The significant fact is that in all other respects except this one, a radioactive element acts precisely like the same element found in nature. When radioactive calcium, for example, is fed to a patient, it accumulates in his system just where normal calcium would have done, and the same is true of all the other radioactive substances, of which more than three hundred have been made and about thirty with notable success.

This is of such importance to medicine that it is no wonder that informed physicians say the cyclotron is the most wonderful medical tool since the microscope. For there are some chemicals which naturally settle in certain parts of the body. For example, if you were to drink a solution of iodine (don't try it with the highly poisonous variety in your medicine cabinet), the concentration in your thyroid gland would be five thousand times greater than in your other tissues. In laboratory experiments on animals drastic changes have been made in the thyroid gland by means of radioactive iodine taken by mouth, without harm to the other tissues.

The possibilities of the new technique are most extensive. There is, for example, a disease of the blood cells which causes them to reproduce abnormally, so that its most serious form has usually proved fatal. Radioactive phosphorus has been found to concentrate in the portions of the body that are affected. After receiving such treatments, a number of victims have lived for substantial periods. (There are of course other types of treatment for this disease.)

It should be emphasized that all this work is still in the experimental stage, and none of it is yet being used by medical practitioners. Readers of this article should not attempt to obtain for themselves treatment with the new techniques; much more careful experimentation needs to be done before they can be generally applied.

The radioactive substance, of course, does not need to be fed to or injected into the patient in a pure form. It can be combined with something else that settles in certain parts of the body, which can be used as a carrier. An example is radio-phosphorus, incorporated into a compound such as sodium phosphate.

Another technique is also of great importance. Normally, a neutron used in cyclotron bombardment goes at tremendous speed. It can be slowed down, however; one way is to pass it through a sheet of paraffin and cause it to bounce off the paraffin's hydrogen atoms. When slowed down, it has an extraordinary effect on the chemical element, boron, which is closely allied with such familiar household materials as borax and boric acid. The nucleus of the boron atom captures one slow neutron and explodes. It then becomes one alpha (radium) particle and one of lithium, which go in opposite directions. Both produce intense ionization (disintegration) and are therefore highly effective in destroying animal tissue. The scientists are working on the problem of combining boron with something else which will settle in diseased tissue. Then it could be bombarded with slow neutrons, with hope of successful eradication of the diseased area.

I have described the immediately useful and dramatic values of artificial radioactive chemicals; but the scientists themselves are equally excited about the role these play in pushing back the frontiers of knowledge. There are now highly sensitive machines which can detect radiation even in minute quantities and report on it with the utmost exactness. When a radioactive substance is introduced into living organic matter, whether plant or animal, its course can therefore be followed about as clearly as if a man made of glass had swallowed lighted electric bulbs.

In this way the technicians have lately found out by means of irradiated material that iron fed to a cow appears in her milk within ten minutes. You can feed enough iron to a cow so that a growing child which drinks its milk will get sufficient for its needs. A man can take radioactive substances by mouth and hold a ray-detecting device in his hand. In a few minutes this radioactive material will punch its time-clock, so to speak, as it goes around with the blood and reaches the fingers. In plants, the technique can be used to tell the whole wonderful story of metabolism, how and where food is absorbed. Radioactive cobalt has been sent to Australia to help solve the mystery of a sheep disease in which cobalt deficiency plays a part. Radioactive calcium (or strontium, which acts in the same way) has been used to measure accurately the deposits of calcium in bones, teeth and carcass. Radioactive elements are being used in the study of oil chemistry, photosynthesis, vitamin research and in many other ways. Radioactive yttrium will detect flaws lying deep in metal and will do so better than radium itself.

It is now generally known that the cyclotron is the most important single tool of those seeking to release for practical purposes the enormous pent-up energy of the atom. This potential power is almost unbelievably great. Any given quantity of radium, for example, releases enough energy every hour to raise water of the same weight to the boiling point. The atoms in eight pounds of uranium contain as much power as is to be found in 6,300 tons of fuel oil. A half-pound of uranium would bring 386,000 tons of ice water to a boil. A pint of water, if its atomic energy could be utilized

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in this way, would probably drive the Normandie or the Queen Elizabeth across the Atlantic and back.

The procedure of atom-smashing might in theory be followed with any element, but uranium has been chiefly used up to now. Slow neutrons, created in the cyclotron, are used to bombard uranium atoms. In theory, and to a very limited extent in practice, when the cyclotron bombardment becomes sufficiently powerful, this bombardment will itself release vast additional quantities of slow neutrons which in turn will attack more uranium atoms, and so on, in a "chain reaction." Each time this happens, energy of 175,000,000 volts will be released.

You may wonder how, once this process is started, the scientists will ever be able to stop it before the entire earth has been "raveled out." The explanation is extremely simple. As the uranium disintegrates, it will get hotter; as it heats up, the slow neutrons will go more and more rapidly; the faster they go, the less disintegrating power they will have. The release of atomic energy will shut itself off like a thermostat.

Fascinating as is this field of experiment it is equally interesting to me that the physicists look forward to a time when they will be able to create artificial substitutes for many substances, not as now by the technique of ordinary chemistry but by planning out a desirable atomic formula and then setting to work to produce it in the laboratory. It was a sensation when in 1919 Lord Rutherford for the first time in history changed one element into another. He sent radium rays against the nuclei of nitrogen-gas atoms, producing oxygen. Today, such an experiment is almost too commonplace to be worth repeating. Platinum can now readily be changed into iridium or gold. Iron, as already mentioned, can be changed partly to radioactive iron, partly to cobalt or manganese. Bismuth actually becomes a degenerate form of radium itself. Graphite bombarded with a 15,000,000-volt beam of deuterons becomes radioactive carbon. White diamonds exposed to the cyclotron turn dark green and thereafter retain their color better than "natural" green diamonds.

The possibilities that are here held out need no underlining by me. In days to come it is quite possible that history may say that the workers in atomic physics, in whose forefront are the Lawrence brothers, expanded the frontiers of human knowledge and benefited mankind as much as any individuals who ever lived. This is of course on the assumption already mentioned, that civilization survives and that man does not in his folly destroy himself in a series of wars which, in the light of such activities, seem even more futile and archaic than the wars of the past.

BRUCE BLIVEN

This is one of a series of articles under the general title, "The Men Who Make the Future," based on interviews with leading American scientists. – THE EDITORS

Execution of a Copybook

On the morning of December 4, 1755, Vasya Rudny, the son of a soldier, did not walk, but hopped to school to keep warm, for his fur coat barely reached to his knees and the bitter frost of Archangel nipped him from neck to heels. He kept beating his hands, rubbing his ears and telling himself: "Don't forget your nose, Vasya! You know that on a windless day a fellow may feel nothing whatever, yet on touching his nose, may find it a chunk of ice."

Just opposite the assayer Sokolov's house, halfway to school, Vasya spied a blue-paper parcel lying on the snow. He bent down and picked it up. It held his fate!

Had he not touched this parcel, nothing would have happened to Vasya Rudny, son of a soldier. But he opened it. It was a copybook sewn with coarse thread and half filled with red writing. What a find! Blank paper was treasure to any student, for slates were all they had at school. It was far too cold to do more than glance at the writing, and, moreover, reading was still very slow business for him. Slipping the book into his pocket, he gleefully skipped on again.

Oh, why did not this copybook slide from his pocket, as it undoubtedly had from that of some passerby? Then he could have gone on living his own life, making his way in the world and maybe finding it a happy place. But here, before he had turned fifteen, peril had touched him. Doesn't the proverb say: You may reach out your hand, but who can say whether ill or good luck will grasp it?

Elagin was school superintendent of Archangel. He, a priest and two soldiers, Peter Hromik and Ivan Volkov, taught in the school—Hromik arithmetic and geography, Volkov grammar. During Peter Hromik's lessons, Ivan Volkov either smoked his pipe or went through the pockets of the boys' coats hanging in the hall. If he was lucky enough to find three coppers, he went out for a drink. On this cold day he drew blank: merely a soldier's button and a copybook.

He opened the book, wondering: "Where did that brat of a boy get this? Who wrote in it?" Following a line of writing with the dirty black nail of a smoke-stained finger, he mumblingly made out word after word: "The Lord resides on the top of a mountain in the sky with his spouse Juno, but being greatly attracted by the girls of the earth, he appears to them in the shape of a bull or a swan or a coin of gold. On touching these,

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the girls become pregnant. He wears a beard, is handsome, likes a drink called nectar, and is often drunk. . . ."

Had Ivan Volkov's head not been smooth-shaven, his hair would have stood on end. What a thing to write about Our Lord! Shuddering, he slipped the copybook into the leg of one of his high boots and went in search of the superintendent. He found him in a bar, drinking "merely because it was so very cold." Elagin was a stocky fellow with few brains and even less education, but with unlimited confidence in schoolteachers. He believed in God, in flogging, in serving his country.

Vasya Rudny was summoned; questions were hurled at him. "Where did you find this copybook? Who taught you blasphemy? Who is your accomplice?" To lend emphasis to these questions—though it was not Saturday, the day on which all boys were flogged—a bench was pulled forward, Vasya was laid on it and the flaying started.

At first the boy denied all knowledge of the notebook beyond having found it on the road, asserting he had not had time to read it. But when his whole back was streaked with red welts and his strength was failing, he lied in the hope of saving himself. Yes, he had run across a man by the name of Simon Nikitin; had seen him but twice; had been given that copybook for God knows what reason; had slipped it into his pocket and then completely forgotten about it.

"Give him ten more for good measure," ordered the superintendent, telling the teacher Volkov to write down every word of this confession and to send it on to the higher authorities. These authorities decided that since Vasya Rudny had revealed the name of the guilty person but withheld further information, he should be flogged every day and put into solitary confinement on bread and water until he was willing to identify his accomplice. This sorry flogging dragged on for months, since the boy remained "stubbornly mute."

What terrible blasphemy, that red writing in that copybook! No one could explain its real meaning. A search was organized for the girl Juno and the streetwalker Venus in the hope that some acquaintance might come forward and denounce them to the authorities. But unfortunately for Vasya, no one seemed to know any such people.

When spring, tardy but all the more lovely, came to Archangel, only the shadow of the formerly sturdy Vasya was left in the cell. He was coughing day and night, slept very little and could hardly swallow his black bread. He looked almost insane, shrank in fright at every whisper and was convulsed by violent fits. When the lilacs began to bloom, Vasya had to be moved to the hospital.

Early in May, 1756, the prisoner Vasya Rudny died.

But this business did not end with the death of the criminal. Nor could it, while the principal offender could not be found? The authorities kept on scribbling requests and orders; the district attorney kept on trying to find a solution. But alas, the whole military code contained no specific reference to blasphemous copybooks which spread disbelief and temptation among the people. What to do? Well, at last, in the military articles 149 and 150, 1716, the district attorney ran across something which might be applied to this case: ". . . If any person composes and circulates a libelous letter defaming the character of another person, and if this guilty party cannot be found, then the letter is to be burned by the executioner under the gallows and the author of it proclaimed infamous."

So, though not the least harm had been done to anyone but Vasya by this copybook, sentence was passed on it and the hour of execution fixed. When the day came, a gallows was put up in the public square and a pan filled with glowing coals placed under it. A great crowd assembled. Few knew who was to be executed; the better informed explained that the criminal would first be branded on his forehead or heels, and pointed out that the executioner was one of the best, a popular and respected man who had hanged a great many people in splendid fashion.

Present in grand array were the civil and military authorities; among them the school superintendent Elagin with his company of soldiers. Most conspicuous of all was schoolmaster Ivan Volkov.

The district attorney's clerk brought the copybook, wrapped in the same blue paper in which it was found by Vasya Rudny. Drums started rolling. Then the sentence was read. Vasya Rudny, the criminal, dead already! Only his book was to be burned. What a pity! . . . Vasya Rudny, Vasya Rudny! Hearing the name mentioned so many times during the reading, the people pictured a fierce-looking ruffian with a bull neck, long hair and beard, branded and with slit nostrils, truly a criminal one would dread meeting even in daytime. What luck, indeed the Lord's very own justice, that such a man had died in prison! God himself had punished him before men could do it.

As the reading of the long sentence came to an end, the drums rolled and the executioner, dressed in a red shirt and standing on the scaffold, took the criminal book from the hands of the district attorney and threw it on the fire. Everything was consumed, the blank sheets which had so delighted the hapless boy along with the tales of the ancient gods.

When the last scrap was charred, the executioner poured a bucket of water over the fire and everyone turned to go home. The people, although much impressed by the justice and wisdom of the law, kept mumbling in dissatisfaction, for how much more interesting it would have been to see a man hanged. . . . All this happened in olden times, in a distant corner of the Russian empire, inhabited by ignorant and superstitious people, concludes Michael Ossorguine, reciting this story in 1938 at Tallinn, the capital of Estonia.

MARIE BREESE

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Washington Notes

Labor Puts Itself on the Spot

LABOR'S FAT is in the fire again, put there by a few of its own leaders, and whether it can be raked out before it is burned to a cinder is anybody's guess at the moment. This time these leaders have left no escape from the conclusion that they are deliberately blocking defense for reasons that have nothing to do with trade-union objectives.

In the circumstances one of two things will happen: either these leaders must be ejected by their own unions or the government will crack down. If the government cracks down, all of labor will feel the blow.

Unless labor gets rid of these men, the United States will never be able to produce enough fighting machinery to defend itself from the Germans and must resign itself, soon or late, to acceptance of a place in the same boat with Austria, Poland, France and all the rest of Hitler's victims. However extreme this statement of the situation may seem, it represents the opinion of administration officials who have stood by labor through thick and thin—from the sit-downs to the Allis Chalmers strike.

The latest crisis, by far the most serious for labor since President Roosevelt took office, was brought on by a coincidence of strikes that tied up Bethlehem Ship, North American Aircraft and a number of lumber companies, all on the West Coast. Perfectly legitimate trade-union demands for improved wages and working conditions were the ostensible strike issues. Yet, when the demands of the strikers were substantially met, when the strikers were asked to return to work by the National Mediation Board and by responsible CIO and AFL officials in Washington, they chose to follow their local leaders and stay out.

The most conspicuous exhibition of surly recalcitrance was put on by O. M. Orton, president of the International Woodworkers of America and a left-wing ally of John L. Lewis within the CIO. For Orton's 20,000 Puget Sound loggers, the Mediation Board recommended a 12.5-cent-an-hour raise, vacation allowances and various other concessions. As board members, CIO Chief Philip Murray and Secretary-Treasurer Thomas Kennedy of the United Mine Workers joined in the recommendation. A similar settlement was accepted by striking members of a Columbia River local of the IWA. In rejecting the Board's terms, Orton charged "all-out labor-busting and strike-breaking."

Murray promptly replied that this was "a reprehensible, lying defamation" because it implied that he and Kennedy were strike-breakers. That, of course, was what it was meant to imply, and if Orton didn't know it, John L. Lewis did. Lewis called the Mediation Board a strike-breaking agency in his own right when he was trying to keep his coal strike out of its hands—a chestnut the Board later pulled out of the fire for him—and he almost certainly inspired or approved Orton's repetition of the charge. This Murray must have realized when he issued his reply.

In any event, the exchange between Orton and Murray exploded a magazine that has been loaded with increasingly heavy charges ever since the Philadelphia convention of the CIO, when Lewis grumpily surrendered nominal leadership to Murray to make good his promise to step down unless his presidential choice, Wendell L. Willkie, were elected. At the convention the left-wing unions tried to drum up a draft-Lewis movement. Lewis made good his campaign promise but he kept his machine intact and has been holding the left-wing bloc together ever since. Since he and the Communists agree that this is an imperialist war, they work together naturally. Murray, rather than precipitate a squabble with his old friend by cleaning out the Stalinists, has chosen to abide their mischief.

But Murray believes in the seriousness of the Hitler threat and in the necessity for Roosevelt's preparations to meet it. When the mischief threatened to become a vital factor in the defense effort, as it seemed to last week, he made a decision that was prompted by more than mere loss of patience with the malice of Orton's sound-off. It was a decision that may prove to be of monumental importance not only to organized labor but to the security of the people of the United States in this critical period.

If Murray is at last ready to wield the broom in the CIO, he will find strong support both in the rank and file and among leaders whose suspicions of Lewis and the Communists have been growing apace in the last few weeks. There has been a pretty general choosing up of sides and some preliminary skirmishes already have been fought. For example, Lee Pressman, counsel to the CIO and a Lewis partisan, recently undertook to fire Joseph Kovner, one of his assistants. Murray in that case refused to ratify the discharge and Kovner is still at CIO headquarters. Anthony Wayne Smith, another of Pressman's assistants, sided with Kovner. Now the United Federal Workers, in retaliation, are undertaking to expell Smith's wife.

Petty persecutions of this kind have been common in the Lewis faction's unions. There have even been heresy trials for critics of leadership. Yet a few of the most promising of the young CIO crop, like James B. Carey of the United Electrical and Radio Workers and Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers, have braved the inquisition and can become the nucleus of a fighting democratic majority uprising against it. It may be significant that Anthony Wayne Smith and Carey were with Murray when he blasted Orton and that Len De Caux, CIO publicity chief and a Pressman-Lewis partisan, who also was on hand, couldn't hide his anger.

If Murray does a clean-up job now, he may succeed, with the administration's help, in holding off anti-union legislation. But he may already be too late. The President is confronted with the necessity of keeping defense plants open right now. He had hoped that the War Department's property-seizure bill would give him the authority to requisition struck plants. But this measure has met with conservative opposition and may not satisfy Congress, whose anti-labor ranters are renewing their demands for indiscriminate and mandatory limitation of the rights now enjoyed by labor under the Wagner Act. Nothing, in the long run, could so undermine America's fighting effectiveness as legislation which labor, as a whole, considered unjust.

Whatever the final outcome, Hitler must be credited with a master stroke when he got the coöperation of American Communists as a bonus on his deal with Soviet Russia.

Washington T. R. B.

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Welles and His Wonders: II

TO MAKE ANY SENSE about technical innovations in any one movie, one should, in an ideal state at least, have some idea of the general technique of making every movie. Before coming to the wonders of "Citizen Kane," therefore, we will just run over a few fundamentals (we will, that is, if anyone is still around when these wandering messages of mine catch up with themselves).

The first thing necessary to a movie is a story, and the first thing necessary to stories for the screen is a writer who understands the screen and works along the line the director will take later, preferably with the director. But the most important thing in the technique of a motion picture—and here director and writer are in varying degrees interdependent—is its construction shot by shot, not for the effect or punch line of any one fragment, but for such devising and spacing as avoid monotony, hold the interest, and lead easily from one thing into another, *the devices for illusion being always and necessarily hidden in the natural emergence of the illusion itself*. One scene may be broken down into six or twenty camera positions, yet these shifts you are not conscious of: you follow the actor across the room and pick him up coming through the door; you may not see him when he is speaking; you may see only his face when someone else is speaking; he turns to look through a window and suddenly you are looking out the window. These are the smallest things, but they make for pace and variety—which will be the biggest things before you are through.

A scene is made, another to fit with it; there may be interscenes, or long shots covering action, establishing atmosphere; later there will be inserts, titles, the transitional devices of trick or straight cutting, dissolves, montages. At the end of maybe five, maybe ten days' work you will have a sequence, that is, an essential incident in the story carried through from start to finish. And the next sequence should take up without jar, without confusion, and lead on again, shot by shot and scene by scene, in the right way of the story. Finally when all the sequences have been made and assembled in a rough-cut, you must study over and over this familiar work of weeks to inquire whether what you put in it is there, to study it for continuity of mood, for how well the sequences match and balance—and for where to cut, where to remake. Does it move, does it complete its circle, do characters and ideas and the express meaning come alive in action? Maybe you've got a picture, but it won't be by chance.

It is true that of all the arts, movies are farthest from being one-man shows. Actors are the most important in the public eye, and indeed they are the dramatic exposition, the writing hand, of stories on the screen; without good ones you are lost. The music and scenic departments are important, and the cutting room is the watchtower of unsung heroes who have brought a thousand bungling messes out of the hopeless into something that at least moves and has coherence. Technically, the most indispensable is the cameraman, with his crew of assistants and batteries of lights; he is a high man indeed. But it is also true that without writing and direction of intelligence, taste and actual mastery of the craft, you just won't get a picture that is a good picture. It comes down to this: writer and director (much more the director) tell a story in movie terms, and the way they do it is the prime technique of pictures.

"Citizen Kane" in its story uses the cut-back method—which is convenient but has its drawbacks in the constant interruption of a steady line; it is quite common and I wish it were less so. For dramatic action, it shows its one big character in four main situations, supplemented by newsreel interludes here and there. This makes a pretty weak structure dramatically, so it has to be surrounded with a great deal of stationary talk, as Kane is described, analyzed, asked about, remembered, talked into existence and practically out of it. This is different from many good movies but it is not new, technically or otherwise. The mood is established or heightened by an occasional symbol: the sled and the falling-snow toy, the curtain-warning light on the stage, the bird screaming in escape, etc. Symbols are a dime a dozen and justify their use in the result achieved. I thought the fading light filament and dying sound track at the end of the singer's career very effective; also the opening and close on the iron fence around the castle. The smoke rising to heaven at the end was trite to start with and dragged out absurdly.

As you can see, there is nothing startling in these component parts. The outstanding technical effect in the picture is in the conception of settings and the use of the camera. Gregg Toland is a trained cameraman and ace-high in his profession, and it is apparent that Welles himself was fascinated most of all by this department in movies —that many of the things done were first sketched in with the bold free-hand of his dramatic imagination. (It shouldn't be forgotten that a screen-mood is more than just "photography," that it results from the collaboration, in this order, of director, cameraman, art director.)

The camera here loves deep perspectives, long rooms, rooms seen through doors and giving onto rooms through other doors, rooms lengthened out by low ceilings or made immense by high-angle shots where the ceiling seems to be the sky. Figures are widely spaced down this perspective, moving far off at will, yet kept in focus. The camera loves partial lighting or under lighting, with faces or figures blacked out, features emphasized or thrown into shadow, with one point of high light in an area of gloom or foreground figures black against brightness, with the key shifting according to mood, with every scene modeled for special effects with light batteries of varying function and power, gobos, barndoors, screens, what not. These things are all written into the accomplished cameraman's book. There is nothing newer about shooting into lights than shooting into the sun, but there is, I suppose, something new in having the whole book thrown at you at once. Certainly there has not been such use of darkness in masses since the Russians, who simply didn't have any lights.

Sometimes all this is fine and really does the job it is put to. Along with the wide action range, it is a relief from too much closeness and light, an effect of stretching. But at other times it appears just willful dabbling: figures are in the dark for no reason—reading without the light to see, for example; or they are kept in darkness right among other clearly lighted figures (the idea is supposed to be that this shows they aren't important; the effect is to draw attention to them, as being maybe the Masked Marvel).

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Half real and half fish, as in the case of mermaids, is always a thing to cause vague frustration; and too often here it seems as though they were working up a feeling of omen just for the ride.

This camera also likes many of the angles so thoroughly kicked around by the experimental films—floor shots, especially, where the camera gives figures height and takes away width, makes them ominous, or at least portentous in their motions. Crane shots, too, some of them breathtaking as you move down and forward from heights or rise straight up—some of them overdone, as in the last Cook's tour of Kane's boxed accumulations. Add under-cranking, to make the people in the "newsreel" clips jerk and scuttle. Add mirrors. And add the usual working tools of long, medium and two-shots, close-ups, dolly shots, panoramas.

In the cutting there are several things noticeable. One is the long easy sweep you can get when a scene of action is covered in one long-range set-up. Another lies partly in the method of treatment and partly in lack of care, and that is the time-and-place confusion which arises when you go smack from the first two-thirds of a sentence to the last third of the same sentence, spoken elsewhere years later. This is done time and again and you might call it jump-cutting or you might call it the old shell game as far as the audience is concerned.

Another thing about the cutting that goes altogether to the fault of direction is the monotony and amateurism of handling simple dialogue. Over and over there are the two faces talking, talk, talk, talk, then close-up of the right speaker asking, then close-up of left speaker answering, then back to two. Outside of getting your name in large letters, being a director consists exactly in knowing how to break this up, to keep interest shifting, to stress the *reaction* to a line more sharply than the face saying it. This is what gives a picture life, and it isn't done by camera ructions, however clever.

Orson Welles was naturally entranced with the marvelous things the moving camera could do for him; and while much has resulted from this preoccupation, I think his neglect of what the camera could do *to* him is the main reason why the picture somehow leaves you cold even while your mouth is still open at its excitements. There may have been the heart and belief to put into it, but there wasn't the time to learn how this might be done, or much regard for any such humdrum skill. I'll tell you about a picture which was the story of a man's life told by the cut-back method after his death, and which had the real life in it, the skill and the heart too. It was "A Man to Remember," made in a little over two weeks for a little over $100,000 by an ex-Broadway director who was learning about pictures the hard way, and his name was Garson Kanin. And if you want to read into a story some comment on the modern man of predacious industrial power, how he got that way and what it did to him, I'll remind you of a film that told the story and made it stick, its people full-length and alive. It was made some five years ago for Sam Goldwyn and called "Come and Get It," and the better part of its direction was done by William Wyler.

As for the contributing departments in "Citizen Kane," Bernard Herrman's music is an active aid; the sets are made right, both for the fantastic and for use or living; it is an all-round class-A production. But the most effective things in it are the creation of Orson Welles's drawing board, not only in whole story ideas but in plausible and adult dialogue (witty, sardonic, knowledgeable), the impression of life as it actually goes on in the big world, the ready dramatic vigor. You remember things like the kid in the snow outside the window as the hard business is transacted within; the newspaper office at night; the understatement of successive breakfasts in Kane's first marriage; the wonderful campaign-hall scene; the opera-opening (there was too much ham in some of this); the trick approach through the night-club skylight and ensuing scenes; the newsreel projection-room conference as a send-off for the story; and the newsreels themselves—excellent naturalism here.

This stuff is fine theatre, technically or any other way, and along with them the film is exciting for the recklessness of its independence, even if it seems to have little to be free *for*. There is surely nothing against it as a dramatic venture that it is no advance in screen technique at all, but a retrogression. The movies could use Orson Welles. But so could Orson Welles use the movies, that is, if he wants to make pictures. Hollywood is a great field for fanfare, but it is also a field in which even Genius has to do it the hard way; and "Citizen Kane" rather makes me doubt that Orson Welles really wants to make pictures.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Children were not admitted [during the run of "Tobacco Road"], although the management admitted two boys, aged eight and ten with their mother, when she explained that she wanted to deter them from going to live in South Carolina with their father, from whom she had just been divorced. – *From the Sunday dramatic section of The New York Herald Tribune.*

We have had an epidemic of hero worship in this country, I don't want people to look up to me because I am up there. I do not look up to anyone else for the same reason. I used to wonder about the great leaders in Washington until I saw they were men with about the same brain power as mine and then I lost my confidence in them. – *Representative Hatton W. Sumners, speaking at a political rally, as reported in The Dallas Morning News.*

Pippa Passes Out

While the newspapers are filled with war news and it looks as if the world might go to smash, it is well to remember a few fundamentals: God is still reigning in His heavens; the trees are budding as they have every spring, and compound interest is going on just the same every day, including Sundays and holidays. – *Roger W. Babson in The Washington Post.*

The Beast of Berlin, Idyllic Phase

As his [the ex-Kaiser's] stay in Doorn lengthened and he grew older, a certain sympathetic interest in him grew up. He was a nice old country gentleman, retired from business. – *From an editorial in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Freud and Max Eastman

SIR: As a nephew of Sigmund Freud, I should like to say a few words about Max Eastman's article "A Significant Memory of Freud," published in your May 19 issue. I have been in close touch with Freud for many years, but since I am not an analyst myself, I don't want to get into a discussion about the analytical aspects of the article. What I should like to correct, however, is the impression of Freud's personality and character given by the article. Freud certainly was not the vain and conceited man sketched by Max Eastman. His impression of Freud does not at all correspond to the impression Freud made on most people. It is true that he defended his theories and opinions with fierce intensity; in fact he often took delight in disarming opponents with his superior mind; therefore all the more reason for Max Eastman to have published his story before Freud's death.

Max Eastman must know that Freud had to endure a number of serious operations ever since 1923 due to cancer, and that the removal of part of his jaw and gum affected his facial expression. To say the least, it is in bad taste to describe Freud's nose looking "as if somebody with brass knuckles had given him a poke in the snoot."

With reference to Freud's criticisms of American life-forms, I should like to say that I am under the impression that one of the outstanding ways of American life is the freedom of expression. From the American point of view there should be understanding for Freud's right to the expression of his own opinion, particularly since he did not come to this country when he had to leave Austria. It would be a different matter if he had come here and abused American hospitality by criticisms of the country and its institutions. It also seems to me that it would be in direct contradiction to the American way of life, if he had withheld his opinions for the sole reason of flattering the Americans.

New York City HARRY FREUD

SIR: Mr. Eastman's article on Sigmund Freud was a pleasure to read and distinctly encouraging. The death of the great founder of psychoanalysis has had the quite predictable result in some quarters of crystallizing all that Freud had to say into a rigid body of doctrine which may not be altered by so much as a semi-colon. Such people ignore what Mr. Eastman writes of and demonstrates so well in his own writing, the virtues of a relative immunity to The Absolute and of preoccupation with the imperfect—that is to say, with observable reality.

In a few penetrating sentences, Mr. Eastman destroys one of Freud's mythical constructions—which some of his followers have enshrined in the holy of holies—*The* Unconscious. Freud often wrote of The Unconscious as if it were a place or a receptacle of some kind, and many of his pupils have followed him slavishly in this as in other things. Mr. Eastman, who has a keen and candid perception, refuses to see what is not there and exposes the myth of The Unconscious by stating what is obviously true: that what Freud calls The Unconscious is not a thing but a quality, a lack of awareness. These mythical constructions represent a fairly consistent tendency of Freud, for he considered the id, ego and superego as things also—places, in any case, for they constituted what he termed a topography. Many of us have long tried to persuade our psychoanalytic colleagues that these concepts must, if they have any validity whatsoever, refer to *modes of functioning* and not to things, places or receptacles. It is gratifying to see this point of view so ably presented by Mr. Eastman. This open-minded, clear-sighted perception of fact by a layman fortifies those of us who seek to develop the great potentialities of a young science through similarly undogmatic, open-minded inquiry and discussion.

WILLIAM V. SILVERBERG, M.D.
Association for the Advancement of Psychoanalysis, New York City

SIR: Max Eastman's interview with Freud in which the grand old man expressed his well known "misgivings" about American civilization leaves the reader with a question. What made Freud think as he did about America? Was it all prejudice? Or was he—which God forbid—right in his assumptions? Perhaps I can contribute to a clarification of this point.

America's magnificent scientific spirit has thus far been given more to dimensions, to measuring and weighing, to figures and statistics, to quantities. Quality is less well comprehended. Some Europeans believe that Americans are fascinated by figures and much less by the intrinsic nature of unmeasurable qualities. They can understand the highest buildings as such, the longest aqueducts, the deepest chasms, the mightiest dams, the largest cities. They want the costliest paintings in the biggest museums or in the mansions of the richest men. They are—in the opinion of some people—less qualified for a scientific approach to the irrational world of the soul, which they either reject as not scientific or accept in the shape of pseudo-scientific, typically American doctrines such as Christian Science, Buchmanism or, out West, evangelism from the lips of white-robed priestesses.

On the other hand the professor's needles dance on sooted drums, crayfish are hypnotized, and the results are published in fat volumes printed with the financial support of generous sponsors in universities and foundations. Freud's apparatus was characterized by not being apparatus—a couch and a chair, the patient lying on the couch and the analyst listening to what the sick man's heart led him to say about his anxieties, his happiness and unhappiness, his love and his hate. A very different method indeed and no room in it for inches or ounces.

The soil in which psychoanalysis grew and expanded has been destroyed—for a century. Its future depends entirely on America. Freud knew that and hence his highly emotional attitude toward a country which is virgin soil in psychological matters. We ardently wish that his fears in this respect may prove to have been unfounded.

New York City FRITZ WITTELS

SIR: Max Eastman regrets a certain condescending, even supercilious attitude that great and not-so-great European intellectuals frequently display toward America. Consequently he warns against too much "cultural enrichment" from Europe. He is certainly right in objecting to unfair criticism of American civilization coming from people, however "great" in their particular field, whose knowledge of the United States is usually scanty and who do not show indications of repairing this defect by sympathetic understanding and systematic study. Their number among intellectual immigrants from Europe is unfortunately substantial.

But is this a European characteristic? Do we not encounter even in America "great intellectuals" whose success and undeniable genius have hardened in their minds many a cranky trait just as irrational and disturbing as those of the great Dr. Freud? And is condescension toward Europe—or, let's say toward Great Britain or Germany or France—unknown among Americans?

Cambridge, Mass. GEORGE A. LÁNYI

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Poets as Reviewers

SIR: Harry Brown's review of Selden Rodman's poem "The Airmen" [The New Republic, June 2] is a deteriorated specimen of that criticism which attempts to be clever rather than accurate and perverts the whole function of criticism in order to parade the wit and ingenuity of the critic. When, as in the present case, the review is full of clichés and pomposities—"readability is not necessarily the test of art," and "I am not sure poetry and science are on the best of terms"—it is in the worst of taste because in setting out to be venomous and devastating it achieves only a pitiable pratt fall.

If Mr. Brown is insensible to the obvious power and intensity of the sections on Leonardo and the Wright brothers, he might at least have attempted to cite something in support of his case instead of basing it all on a highly suspect opinion and an infantile condemnation of Flight because planes drop bombs. He might just as well devote the same space to condemning the human hand because that, after all, presses the bomb-release.

"The Airmen," like most good work, has faults. It also has remarkable strength, beauty and clarity of both image and line and sustained passages of dramatic insight. Certainly—whatever the personal judgment—it deserves from The New Republic serious critical appraisal and examination. None has been made.

Maybe in the future the school of critics represented by this type of review ought to be allowed to abandon the whole exquisite pretense of reviewing anything—except their own works, which, I have observed, are so safely colorless as to permit any amount of sheer withering "fun." And then in the space meant for the review they could talk about themselves with all that petulant and epicene brilliance with which Aunt Lucy used to lay waste the Sunday Socials.

It is, I insist, a shameful comment on the present state of criticism when a work as serious and important as "The Airmen" is subjected to such a performance.

New York City R. DE SAN MARZANO

SIR: On the contrary, it is a shameful comment on the present state of readers' minds when such a performance as "The Airmen" is considered serious and important by nice people like cliché-empty, pomposity-lacking Mr. de San Marzano. As a result, I should like to divest myself of two pointed parables, the first concerning itself with my method of reviewing Mr. Rodman's book, and the other concerned with the poetical-critical controversy which has for the past few months enlivened the back pages of The New Republic. The first parable is rather difficult; the second is easy to understand.

1. Once upon a time there was a king of Pontus named Kalos who employed an official taster. At a certain state dinner Kalos gave this taster an apple to sink his teeth into. The taster took a bite and immediately spat it out, right on top of the king's *entrée*. "Geez," he said, "they's a woim in it." The king turned to the court executioner, who was languidly twirling a lasso. "Hang him," he said, "for his bad accent." The executioner complied. *And the moral of this is, there was a woim in Mr. Rodman's apple, and if Mr. de San Marzano don't like my accent, then he don't like my drawl.*

2. Once upon a time there were two men who were watching a mason build a brick backhouse. After they'd been watching for some time the smaller of the men turned to his companion. "That's a mighty well built brick backhouse," he said. The other man looked at him contemptuously. "Listen, bud," he said, "that's one of the worst built brick backhouses I ever saw. I'm a mason myself, understand?" *And the moral of this, Mr. de San Marzano, is that I'm a poet, and as far as poetry goes, baby, I know a lemon when I see one.*

New York City HARRY BROWN

Anti-Poetical Criticism

For Harry Brown and Randall Jarrell
As careful critics I can't carol
Nor sing a song for Yvor Winters
Who poets pokes with poisoned splinters,
Nor Daiches-Tate who school-boy-fight
In public places private spite.
Poetry rears no renaissance
While you beat off your brothers' pants,
And swatting smart insinuendoes
May crack at last your own glass windows.

Gloucester, Mass. JEREMY INGALLS

Assemblies of God

SIR: In The New Republic of March 10, it is suggested that the organization, the Assemblies of God, is distinctly anti-Semitic and also opposed to the present administration. As one who has been editor of the official organ of the Assemblies of God for nearly twenty years, I can tell you that we have always taken the stand that no one can be a true Christian and at the same time hate and persecute the Jew. Again and again we have published articles to prove that the so-called Protocols of Zion are a forgery and a fake. Not once have we ever criticized the President, his Cabinet, his appointments, or any member of Congress. I enclose a statement of loyalty to the President and the government, written by our general superintendent.

On March 30 of last year we published a very strong resolution against anti-Semitism, signed by fifty-eight leading Fundamentalist ministers which included the editors of all the leading Fundamentalist papers and the heads of all the leading Fundamentalist Bible Schools.

In fairness to the 4,000 ministers and 200,000 lay members of the Assemblies of God, we would appreciate your publishing this correction.

Springfield, Mo. STANLEY H. FRODSHAM

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Professor Moritz Levi of Ann Arbor, Michigan, writes that even before reading "Take the Aggressive!" in our May 26 issue he is ready to congratulate us on being wide-awake on the war issue. M. Wheeler of Berkeley, California, on the other hand, thinks we are attacking Lindbergh with "erudite sophistry." . . . Eileen Woods of Tulsa tells us about a dollar-a-year man who assured her only last month that "there were only twelve men at the whole River Rouge [Ford] plant who belonged to the union, and they are traitors." That statement was made before the River Rouge election, the results of which were: UAW-CIO, 49,699; AFL, 19,698; neither union, 1,804.

Mrs. Edward Davison tells us that the Writers' Conference at the University of Colorado, Boulder, this year will start July 21 and run for three weeks. Eric Knight, Mari Sandoz, Witter Bynner, Hudson Strode, Wallace Stegner and Harry Shaw will be there.

The Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade send us a copy of their protest to Attorney General Jackson regarding the arrest of Jose Maseta, who fought for Republican Spain for three years and is in danger of deportation to Franco's Reich.

Sid Esterowitz of Brooklyn deplores what he considers illiberalism in the liberal press. He repeats Ernest L. Meyer's charges of "erasure" from The New York Post because of his anti-war convictions, and says John T. Flynn and Dorothy Dunbar Bromley were in the same boat. . . . Sheridan Webster of St. Louis, Missouri, sends us a copy of his "Fourteen Points" for the federation of the world and parliament of man, and encloses literature on Sheridan Webster's Note Exchange Plan—"$200 for every family every month!"

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Books in Review

The Birth of a World

IT IS NOW a year since the Germans marched into Paris —a year on June 17 since Marshal Pétain begged for an armistice—and the full meaning of these events is still to be revealed. Jacques Maritain, the Thomist philosopher, has written a short book that helps to set them in perspective. "France My Country through the Disaster" [1] could not be published under the Vichy regime, but the author says that it is written for the French public, "in the sense that I have always kept before me the friends from whom I am separated, addressing myself to them as if they could hear me." Partly for this forbidden audience, but chiefly for American readers, "I have set down what I believe to be the real causes of the French disaster, and what I believe to be the truth about the present situation of my country."

On the first point, he has nothing to say that is strikingly new, although he speaks with a refreshing air of sense and moderation and achieves a philosophical detachment that does not hide his deep feelings. He believes that reasons for the fall of France can be found by searching in any direction whatever: "The tragedy lies in the fact that all kinds of independent causes converged in the end on a single effect." Since he belongs to no political group—except the loose fraternity of the liberal Catholics—he feels free to condemn both the radicals and the conservatives for their share in the disaster, but he does not condemn them equally. The radicals, he says, were confused and timid, but the conservatives had lost their faith in France. The masses are sound, but the bourgeoisie as a ruling class has been utterly discredited and its leaders were bankrupt long before the war. As regards the present situation, he believes that it is desperate but not hopeless. The French as a nation have no heart for fascism and the interim government at Vichy has no power to enforce it. Having lost all faith in politics, the common people are working to rebuild the country by their individual efforts. In the field of private morality—to judge from many stories he has heard—a kind of resurgence is taking place, and he believes that it will eventually lead to a political resurgence "when Nazism is wiped from the face of the earth."

Time and again M. Maritain insists that, even though France has become *politically* demoralized, she has never been *morally* demoralized. The French people was responsible for the disaster only in so far as it continued to tolerate cowardly and Machiavellian leaders. Although these leaders failed in the crisis—as they had already failed to prevent its coming—the French soldiers went on fighting: "It is a fact attested by common knowledge that the endurance and courage of the rank and file remained admirable to the end." As for French civilians, "We know that during the frightful days of June, 1940, both in town and country, the common people behaved admirably. . . . Foreign refugees arriving here have testified to the compassion and help tendered them." France was defeated but not dishonored, and a Frenchman "still has the right to ask that none should use the disaster brought to a great nation and the mistakes of its leaders to misjudge the people themselves, the unhappy people of France."

Deeply respecting M. Maritain for his loyalty and candor, we should like to agree with everything he says. Indeed, it seems heartless for a foreigner to question his account at any point or refuse to accept his conclusions. Yet the citizens of this country occupy a special position with regard to France; they are not quite foreigners; the two republics so much resembled each other and their people had so many habits in common that Americans can be proud of French virtues and must partly share the guilt of the French defeat. It is our duty to examine that defeat as closely and painfully, to analyze it as clearly, as if it were a disaster suffered by ourselves—as indeed it was. And the result of such examination is to make us feel that M. Maritain has inadvertently softened the outlines of events; that he has made them seem less terrifying and less *final* than they were in reality.

Political demoralization in a crisis is almost always followed by personal disorganization, and today we know that France was no exception to the rule. There were countless examples of personal heroism; there were also, in the last days, countless examples of blind panic. If thousands on thousands of soldiers fought to the end, there were whole divisions that ran away, after being deserted by most of their officers—sometimes only the Polish and Jewish volunteers stayed behind to face the German tanks. If many people were admirably kind to refugees, others were thoughtless, grasping or deliberately cruel, not only to foreigners but to French civilians and soldiers; these facts are now on record. In the midst of disaster, the hidden vices of France were revealed along with its hidden virtues; and sometimes the virtues of private life became public vices. One example was the family affection that is perhaps the central feature of French society. In the flight from Paris, this affection was often transformed into hostility toward those outside the family circle, so that the nation in defeat was divided into millions of separate family units each blindly seeking its own salvation. Bourgeois individualism—which in France took the form of a family particularism—was leading once again to the destruction of individuals.

All this happened last year in France, and all this has to be painfully recognized by other nations faced with the same dangers. As for the final meaning of the disaster, what shall we say? Will the fall of France be discussed in textbooks of the future beside the fall of Constantinople or even the fall of Rome? Will schoolboys learn the three dates, 476, 1453 and 1940, as marking the end of the Western Empire, the end of the Middle Ages and the end of modern times? M. Maritain goes to no such extreme. He believes that the German conquest is only an episode, if the saddest, in the long history of France, and only a phase in

[1] France My Country through the Disaster, by Jacques Maritain. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 126 pages. $1.25.

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a continuing process of transformation. He believes that the French nation will be reborn—must be reborn—and that "the next phase of the vast revolution upon which Europe is launched will not usher in the triumph but rather the bankruptcy of the totalitarian dictatorships." Yet we might answer M. Maritain by saying that the France of tomorrow will not be the France where we were spiritually at home; and the defeat of the dictatorships can now be achieved only at the cost of thoroughgoing changes in the democracies that must fight them in order to survive. France was in one sense the center of what we knew as Western civilization. Perhaps her fall was only one stage in a continuing process, but it was the decisive stage: after that the life we used to lead was ended, with its easy manners of thinking, and there was no longer any hope of turning back.

We shall go forward, then, because there is no other choice except to close our eyes and surrender. The path is unmarked and dangerous, but M. Maritain is one of those who rightly see that there is hope at the end of it and exhilaration along the way. For the death of a world—and the French disaster was nothing less than that—also makes necessary the birth of a world. And it is a world that, given the courage and the imagination, we can play our part in shaping.

MALCOLM COWLEY

The Man Broun

Collected Edition of Heywood Broun. With a Preface by Heywood Hale Broun. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 591 pages. $3.50.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to review this book without evaluating the man himself, because the book is in a sense an autobiography. Heywood wrote a very personal column for thirty-one years. In these columns, selected and chronologically arranged by his son, there appears the gradual growth of the man from light essayist and wit into something far more significant.

The Sacco-Vanzetti columns, which are all included in the book, mark, as his son points out in his excellent preface, a turning point in Heywood's life. I was working for him as secretary at the time and remember how deeply he was affected by the fate of the shoemaker and the fish peddler. He and his wife, Ruth Hale, went with others to Boston in a last-minute effort to save the condemned men. Heywood asked me to poll some of my Italian neighbors on Staten Island for their opinions and to send the symposium to him in letter form, to fill a Sunday column. He wanted to force people to think of nothing but Sacco and Vanzetti. The World, afraid of antagonizing the subscribers, turned it down. Heywood wrote from Boston apologizing for not having fought for that column, promising he'd write some even stronger ones to make up for it. He did. They were turned down. The fight was on.

Heywood never wavered during that trying time, although he was always sure he'd just written his last good column, that he was slipping and would never find another job if he was fired. None of his insecurities ever made him deviate a fraction from the many good causes he fought for with new insight after the Sacco-Vanzetti affair.

Although Heywood's wit and satire are well represented in the book, the columns that stand out are the fighting ones. He slew Canon William Sheafe Chase, blue-nosed reformer, with beautiful satire in his piece "Canon Shocks Columnist." He did a pretty good job with Westbrook Pegler in a column called "Square Peg." "Some day somebody should take the hide off Peg," Broun wrote, "because the stuff inside is so much better than the varnished surface which blinks in the sunlight of popular approval."

Broun attacked capital punishment, labor spies, Mayor Hague, Father Coughlin and Mayor Rolph's approval of the San José lynchings. He abhorred Jimmy Walker's civic indifference, pleaded for the Scottsboro boys and the Gastonia strikers. He realized over the years the value of collective bargaining and wrote a column, "A Union for Reporters," which aroused that hitherto indifferent body into forming the Newspaper Guild. Broun was president of the Guild from 1933 to 1939.

For years he was a familiar figure on picket lines, which caused his indignant conservative mother to write letters of objection to The New York World-Telegram. Heywood's reply, in a column called "Mrs. Heywood Cox Broun," is a masterpiece of tenderness and satire. One of the best autobiographical pieces that Broun wrote was the New Yorker profile, called "The Rabbit That Bit the Bulldog." Broun signed it with a pseudonym. People not in the know wondered at the time who would dare write such a frankly revealing character study. No one would or could have done so but Heywood himself.

During his last years I worked again for Heywood, doing an occasional World's Fair column for his Nutmeg. He loved this paper because it meant freedom for him to say what he pleased. For many years he had longed for a medium of this sort. Hearst, at one time, offered him a great increase in salary to write for The Journal or The American. Broun told me that Brisbane, whom he would have supplanted, apparently had been told to urge him to accept the offer. Heywood spent an evening with Brisbane at his home and admired a fine portrait of Brisbane's father. Brisbane said, "My father bought space in a newspaper and ran his own personal column, said just what he pleased about everything." Heywood said the look in Brisbane's eyes as he looked at his father's face was one of the things that made him decide not to work for Hearst.

People who didn't know Broun well were surprised when he became a Catholic. His old friends weren't. He always had a deeply mystical sense that made him produce columns like his favorite, "The Shepherd," and "Even to Judas," which President Roosevelt delivered to the nation in 1938 over the radio as his Christmas message. Broun had twenty-two copies of "The Shepherd" privately printed as a Christmas gift for friends. Mine was inscribed "To Mildred Gilman. This is number one." I felt fine till I discovered that almost all of them had the same inscription.

Raised a high-church Episcopalian, Broun never quite broke away from the church influence. At parties on Eighty-fifth Street back in the old World days, he would hear Mabel Normand or another guest say something that sounded sacrilegious to him. He would look toward heaven and say, "Not me, God, I didn't say that." He was joking —but not quite.

It is impossible to sum up a life like Heywood Broun's in a short review. I can only say that the best columns are

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in the book and that the book gives you the feeling of the man. It is Heywood talking to you, reminding you of things that shouldn't be forgotten, of causes many of which are in worse jeopardy today than they were when he wrote of them. Broun would have approved the job of selection his son has done, and been proud of the preface. Most of all he would have appreciated being spared the terrific exertion of putting the whole thing together himself.

MILDRED GILMAN

Saga of a Swastika Hunter

I Find Treason, by Richard Rollins. New York: William Morrow and Company. 291 pages. $3.

IT HAS BECOME FASHIONABLE in the past few years "to fight fascism" merely by "chasing the swastika"—that is, by hounding the Bund and exposing only crackpot and sensational Nazi groups. Consequently, swastika-chasers have played directly into the hands of Goebbels: it was Hitler himself who decreed it the function of such groups as the Bund to monopolize public attention in order to divert it from the major transmission belts of fascism.

It is not surprising that the research director of the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League should unwittingly have spent the past eight years as a professional swastika-hunter. Richard Rollins' book is about his experience in that role and deals entertainingly with the most constructive period of his work —the six years from 1933 through 1938. Starting with the exposé of the Order of '76 and the Friends of the New Germany, Mr. Rollins reveals the early methods of Nazi propagandists. The description of his single-handed raid on the secret lockers of the SS. Deutschland, which disclosed the smuggling of firearms into America, is among the most thrilling and socially useful passages in the book.

During this period, when he worked closely with Representative Samuel Dickstein and the McCormack-Dickstein Committee on Un-American Activity, Rollins did an excellent job of exposing the enemies of democracy. His work was climaxed by the baring of Nazi and White Russian infiltration into the National Guard.

From then on we are exposed to the elaborate plot to "get something" on Fritz Kuhn. We are introduced to the melodramatic methods resorted to by Mrs. Virginia Cogswell to incriminate "Casanova Fritz." With the exception of the excellent chapter on the Nazi agent, Dr. Anna B. Sloane, we are given a cold resumé of well publicized newspaper stories.

It is chiefly since 1939 that the more important Nazi-fascist groups have changed their strategy. They have discarded the swastika and "Americanized"—either by abolishing alien trademarks, merging with native-born membership groups or posing entirely as patriots with "America first" as a battle cry. Richard Rollins quite overlooks this transition. He neglects to warn of the methods by which American fascism will seek to foist itself on the Republic. He makes no mention of upper-strata fascists, either industrialists or intellectuals. With eyes only for the swastika, he has produced a local and partial treatment of a major thesis.

An excellent dossier of illustrations, containing graphic documentary evidence, and a full index accompany the book.

GEORGE PAIGE

Poetry as Entertainment

Poems: 1925-1940, by Louis MacNeice. New York: Random House. 340 pages. $2.50.
50 Poems, by E. E. Cummings. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 50 pages. $1.50.
Selected Poems, by John Peale Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 111 pages. $2.

I CONSIDER," says Mr. Louis MacNeice, "that the poet is a blend of the entertainer and the critic or informer; he is not a legislator, however acknowledged, nor yet, essentially, a prophet. As informer, he is not a photographic or scientific informer, but more like the 'informer,' in the derogatory sense—he is grinding an axe or showing off, telling tales about his enemies, flattering his friends. . . . The poet does not give you a full and accurate picture of the world nor a full and accurate picture of himself, but he gives you an amalgam which, if successful, represents truthfully his own relations to the world." And Mr. MacNeice goes on to say, in the conclusion of his admirable little book, "Modern Poetry," that the sort of poet he prefers is the ordinary fellow who likes to talk, reads the papers, knows something of economics and is appreciative of women, and is "susceptible of physical impressions."

It is an interesting off-hand sketch of the poet's nature, whether we take it to be ideal or merely literal; as interesting for what it proposes to leave out as for what it includes. Notice that the first emphasis of all is on entertainment, the second on criticism; that although he is to be a critic, he is nevertheless not to be a legislator, and that —essentially—he need not expect to be much of a prophet: divination and the religious business are to be left out, together with the whole notion that the poet—or any artist, for that matter—has any special insight, intuition or inside view. He will merely report on his relation with the world (as in an autobiography) and if he is successful this will be true. Why—one wonders—the proviso of success? Wouldn't the report be just as true even if it were *not* successful? Even the bad poet reports, one suspects, quite truthfully on his relation with the world, the badness being a vital part of the truth. But this is only one of many questions which Mr. MacNeice's definition suggests, and for the moment not the most interesting—unless we take it to mean that Mr. MacNeice is indifferent to badness. Is he? Is he perhaps not very much interested in the *art* of poetry, and much more, at any rate, in these other matters of entertainment and criticism, or information?

But leaving aside for the moment that troublesome question of art, with its perpetual nuisance value to poets and critics alike, and leaving aside as well, if we can, all such teleological vanities as the notion that the poet is, if anything a *vates*, a seer, a profound leader and creator, we can perhaps see the more clearly in Mr. MacNeice's poems how admirably he practises what he preaches. "We stand convicted," he says in the poem called "Men of Good Will," "votaries of the topical and transitory, we put in words what is topical and transitory, anyone can detect it." He will make a virtue of precisely that, and of allowing himself no nonsense, no romantic pretense, no vision. His own life is ineffectual and trite; he will report it so. But the entertainment, yes, that is another matter: he can at least be entertaining. And indeed he is.

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For sheer readability, for speed, lightness and easy intellectual range, Mr. MacNeice's verse is in a class by itself. Open it anywhere, whether in narrative, eclogue or lyric, and at once you are swept away by the tireless and effortless enumerative pace, the bright rush of nominal images, the gay prodigality of scene, the so easily caught tune and mood. Yes, this is the world we know, all right, and this too is a fellow we can like, here are pubs and football games and Freud and the dreary economic muddle and the confused political ideologies through which we try to think, or feel, our way, and the sad glad conquests and vapors of love too, the whole great blooming buzzing confusion (to quote William James)—it's all here, bright and quick as a river to swim in. And so, in we go; and out we come; and it is only then that we find how little of all this has stuck to us. Not a thing—practically not a thing. For the trouble is, it is *too* topical, *too* transitory, *too* reportorial—it has that sort of merit and vividness which is good in the presence of the object, and by virtue of the object has a kind of quick and momentary magic; but it has, one fears, very little *residual* magic, very little of that quality of intricate and teasing wroughtness which sends one back to a poem not for the meaning but to see how the meaning was said.

No, Mr. MacNeice writes as he runs; he is always in a hurry; we catch the delightful fragments of speech which he addresses to us, as it were, over his shoulder—but we cannot help thinking that he would be better if he could take more seriously either the function of the poet as *genus irritabile vatum* or the virtue of the artifact. Even the best of the lyrics—and they are very good—such as "Meeting Point," "A Toast," with their very skillful use of vernacular refrain to dignify a sentimental theme, suffer from that sort of carelessness about the fine points of form which indicates an essentially barbaric attitude toward art. If only all that brilliance could be put to better use! But then, Mr. MacNeice professes indifference to this, believes that nowadays only a more off-hand method can be natural or true, and prefers to be merely entertaining. We must therefore leave it at that.

After Mr. MacNeice's cornucopia, the dainty devices of Mr. Cummings and the mild eclecticism of Mr. Bishop certainly seem a little pale. Of Mr. Cummings it has been noted—by Mr. MacNeice among others—that there are usually two styles: typographic delirium, scrambled orthography and syntax, a kind of linguistic battle-royal, and all to conceal the real sentimentality; and as well, an almost sweetly "poetic" attack, archaisms and all, which is made to look adventurous by lack of punctuation. Mr. Cummings pulls his own leg too much; he can be a master of the "smubtle," but indulges in it too often; he is also a master of the pure lyric, and in that he indulges us too seldom.

Mr. Bishop is very much more varied, and in thematic range, at least, is comparable to Mr. MacNeice. He is a fastidious writer, with a nice sense of form, when he doesn't violate it out of a feeling of obligation to modernity; he uses many colors and styles equally well; it is hard therefore to say just why one doesn't like his poems better. They are very good, and yet they seem somehow a shade *voulu*, and, though pleasing in the item, to lack that vague thing we call character, the identifying voice. An eclecticism of style can play funny tricks—witness the case of Mr. MacLeish—and perhaps Mr. Bishop has to pay, as it were,

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too many pipers. "Unless 'twere better to be very single, to follow some diviner monotone"—might one suggest that? To follow for a while a single line might be, for Mr. Bishop, more rewarding and more revealing.

CONRAD AIKEN

Hard Sledding

Job's House, by Caroline Slade. New York: The Vanguard Press. 318 pages. $2.50.
Another Morning, by Wessel Smitter. New York: Harper and Brothers. 355 pages. $2.50.

BOTH THESE BOOKS enlarge on the proposition that most people will do anything to stay off relief, but even if you accepted this fact some time ago you ought to find plenty to interest you here. Mrs. Slade's characters are all absolutely commonplace—poor people who once had it better and lost it through no particular fault of their own. They are also alike in greeting the investigator with distaste, regarding the endless questionnaires as up-to-date torture apparatus, and in considering no detour too formidable so long as it keeps them off relief.

The old couple in "Job's House" own a nice little place and want to keep it, two stories and comfortable, though sagging under mortgages. They have, besides, enough years behind them to make them eligible for old-age pension, and enough pride to make them disdainful of it once they find out what it involves. Through the plot—if you want to call this quietly indignant case history a plot—Mrs. Slade hammers insistently at one point: to the hopelessly sick and hopelessly insane the state is generous as a rich bachelor uncle; to those sound in mind and body it gives just enough to leave them a little less so every week. When Job and his wife perceive this and one or two other principles of public welfare, they are in no mood to play grateful for the rest of their lives. In the end, dismissing the investigator, they sell the house and move to a shabby tenement, where a co-operative movement among the tenants concludes matters on a cheerful note.

It is the growth of a coöp also that admits a little sunshine to the end of "Another Morning." Preceding that, there is one devil of a year in Alaska, where the government has set up a colony for two hundred families amenable to any substitute for relief. The main characters here are off a Minnesota farm: Clem, his wife Marge and four children. Their trip up in an army transport is nightmare, though a mild one compared to what they walk into at Matanuska. Among the diversions up here are mosquitoes in clouds thick as a rug, gales at thirty below zero, fields that thumb their nose at a tractor, and winters nine months long, during which, locked in a cabin, a man is apt to find temporary insanity irresistible. Mr. Smitter describes these chilly hazards with assurance. He also does a good job on the colony's mechanical aspects, leaving you on uncommonly intimate terms with a Diesel engine. With his real characters he is rather less scrupulous. Marge, a backwoods farm girl, often talks in the balanced phrases of an after-dinner speaker whose notes hide neatly under the plate. But this is not a vital complaint: farming in Alaska is a tough venture, and Mr. Smitter's story meets its challenge well.

MIRIAM BORGENICHT

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Farmers' Problems

Farmers in a Changing World: The 1940 Yearbook of the United States Department of Agriculture. Edited by Gove Hambidge. Washington: United States Government Printing Office. 1,227 pages. $1.50.

WHEN HENRY A. WALLACE became Secretary of Agriculture, he came to the post with few fixed preconceptions. But on one point at least he had made up his mind in advance. As an editor he did not like the kind of yearbooks the Department of Agriculture had been getting out. He said that they were "stuffy" and "overpartitioned"; and even during his first week as Secretary he started looking for an editor who could pull the yearbook together, and "bring it to life—life as a whole."

The first few New Deal agricultural yearbooks showed some improvement in clarity and vigor; but not until after 1936, when Wallace found his editor, did the transformation the Secretary was seeking, not only in publications but in the entire Department program, become plain. Gove Hambidge edited the 1936 Yearbook and has edited all of them since. The plan of approach is to take some central unifying subject and to consider in relation to the body of knowledge everything the Department is trying to do. For two Yearbooks the approach was by way of genetics. In 1938, the approach was by way of our common groundline, soil; and the volume was called "Soils and Men." In 1939, the subject was nutrition: "Food and Life." In the present volume of 1,227 pages, covering 1940, the point of view is that of the social sciences, with a good deal of philosophy, both lay and professional, woven in.

For "Farmers in a Changing World" Wallace wrote a brief foreword. He says in closing: "I should like to think this book, with all its human shortcomings, is a step, even a halting one, toward that marriage of the social and the natural sciences which I believe can be one of the great contributions of democracy to civilization." In an even shorter postscript to the foreword, Claude R. Wickard, the present Secretary, adds: "Some of this book will undoubtedly be 'dated' before it is published. The whole question of foreign trade, for instance, is in a state of flux. [But] . . . underneath even these great changes there are continuing problems, some of which have been building up for decades. . . . Modern wars result from some of the very causes back of farm distress [and] . . . these studies are underlined rather than outdated by recent events."

According to the custom he has established in editing these yearbooks, Gove Hambidge writes a sweeping summary and interpretation of all the contributions. This one runs to an even hundred pages; and when you have read that much, you can pick your way in search of substantiation, details, points of personal disagreement and so on, among the more than fifty other signed articles or chapters.

The contributions, Hambidge remarks, reveal, almost without exception, "a sharpened recognition of interrelationships," but at the same time, "a fundamental conflict in agricultural thought. . . . We push forward agricultural efficiency, with the inevitable consequence that fewer people are needed for production; [yet] on the other hand, we advocate inefficiency, or at any rate tolerate it, by an extension of subsistence farming as the only way to take care of those who are displaced by improved techniques. M. L.

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Wilson frankly recognizes this dilemma in his article, 'Beyond Economics.' To the extent that it is unresolved, we can only acknowledge that men are the slaves rather than the masters of their own machines."

Wilson has done as much as Wallace in introducing unifying concepts into Department thinking. "Economists, political scientists, historians, psychologists, geographers, sociologists and theologians," he argues, "all recognize that the crucial facts in the life of any individual or in any social situation cannot be correctly thought of as exclusively political, exclusively religious, exclusively economic or exclusively anything else." Then he lays it down that "our economic problems are moral problems" and develops a natural cultural approach which takes into account the reality of economic pressure, but which does not deny that the final crop of any land is the spirit of its people.

Agricultural historians write the first part of this yearbook. Paul H. Johnstone's article is especially meaty and keen. In the middle parts, which consider a wide array of present rural troubles and the effect on the general welfare, Arthur P. Chew's analysis of foreign trade, DeWitt Wing's dispassionate report on what farm-organization heads are saying, doing and ignoring, and Milo Perkins' description of the expanding food-stamp plan, make contributions which one may reread with an increasing admiration. In a closing section social scientists as various as Robert Redfield, Carl Taylor and William Ernest Hocking, most of them writing from outside the Department, develop or depart from the Wilson thesis. Dr. Hocking's paper, "A Philosophy of Life for the American Farmer and Others," seems to me the noblest piece of writing in this monumental book.

The New Deal in agriculture, as first proclaimed, may seem in this troubled time outmoded, overshadowed. What Henry Wallace, Rex Tugwell, M. L. Wilson, Howard Tolley, Chester Davis and all the others said and did or tried to do at first appears, however, to have developed an enduring vitality. Good teaching and good administration have much in common. New growth strikes down roots, takes new forms, and lives.

RUSSELL LORD

Contributors

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